

The Alliance

VOL. VIII.

THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA.

No. 2.



OF NOBLE BIRTH. — E. TESCHENDORFF.

THE ALDINE: THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA.

CONDUCTED BY JAMES SUTTON.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1876.

THE ROSE-LILIES OF PLYMOUTH.

HERE in this pond the rose-lilies grow ;
How came all their petals with carmine to glow,
When those of their sisters are white as the snow ?

On yonder low knoll, a heap of gray stone —
With bayberry, brier, and blackberry grown,
And circled by pine-trees that shiver and moan —

Of a Puritan home is now the sole trace.
Two centuries gone, a maiden's fair face
Like a sunbeam illumined this lonely, wild place.

A lover she had, tradition doth say ;
A sailor was he, and one bright June day
His ship weighed her anchor and sailed from the bay.

Ere parting, an English moss-rose-bush he gave
As pledge of his faith, true hearted and brave,—
It grew on the bank where the willows now wave.

"My love, when the roses are blooming once more,
Watch for my coming again to your door,"
He said when he left her alone on the shore.

And so the next June she waited the bloom
From dawning to darkness, through sunshine and gloom,
And saw not the shadow that boded ill doom.

One evening the rose-bush full-blossomed did show,
Reflected in water that rippled below,
Where floated the lilies as white as the snow.

That night a fierce tempest the ocean swept o'er ;
The waves from the reefs sent up their hoarse roar ;
A homeward-bound ship was wrecked on the shore.

At morning lay faded the roses so red ;
A lily uplifted its lustrous pale head ;
A maiden was weeping ; her lover was dead.

"His life, like the rose's, went out in the night ;
His soul, like the lily, lives spotless and white ;
My heart and my soul are desolate quite."

So murmured the maiden, and sought she the breast
Of the water, as seeketh a weary child rest,
And sank, as the moon sinks into the west.

They found her beneath the dark water at night,
And saw, as they lifted her, dripping and white,
That her left hand a rose clasped, a lily her right.

They say that since then the lilies bloomed red :
Their pure flowers immortal love's blossoms did wed,
When met, in the spirit, the two lovers dead.

— Sylvester Baxter.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF THE MEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

It is sometimes exceedingly pleasant to escape from the unromantic Present, and take refuge in the half-forgotten Past. One goes back to the "brave days of old," and finds relief from the trials and tribulations of every-day life—lives for the time in a new world of thought, among men who stirred the pulses of their generation, performed their duties faithfully, or perverted their powers to evil and ambitious ends—and who illustrate, in either case, the melancholy saying of Burke: "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!"

One day, a friend, Hon. J. M. Kennedy, of New Orleans, proud of his accumulated treasures, invited me to inspect his cabinet of curiosities. Within this sanctuary of the days gone by, I found a number of autographic letters and public documents, from personages now known to history. Some of them required delicate handling; others seemed to defy time, and yet close inspection showed that the defiance was perceptibly weakening.

See this stout, parchment-like proclamation! It is a peremptory war-order of General Bonaparte, then the thin and wiry commander of the Army of Italy. The signature, were it not well known, would puzzle the keenest antiquarian. The young general must

have been in a hurry, or an ill-humor which made him nervous, when his pen framed this hieroglyphical company of letters which make his signature.

Here, too, is a letter from the celebrated General Dessaix; one from Washington, introducing General Lawson to his friends in the Southern States; others from Generals Muhlenberg and Wilkinson; and a characteristic autograph of the Hero of Chalmette, which runs thus: "Our country, right or wrong!"

There were others of interest, but the following were selected as worth copying, and they are reproduced precisely as written, paragraphs, capitals, punctuation and all.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

Marquis de Lafayette revisited the United States in 1824. His reception in New York was a spontaneous outburst of popular affection for the hero who had so unselfishly assisted in securing the independence of the Republic. Old citizens yet speak of the ovation with pride. Not long since, a New Yorker, then a lad, recounted to the writer, in glowing terms, the pleasure which he had in bringing back, at the fireside, recollections of the hero, and the grand times which threw the city into a high fever of enthusiasm.

The guest of the Republic was everywhere received with civic and military honors.

Apropos to Lafayette's visit to President Monroe, William Wirt loved to tell an anecdote which he heard from the lips of the distinguished guest of the chief magistrate, at the dinner-table. Lord Stirling, an officer in the Continental service, was vain of his Scotch title, and insisted that every one should use it while in communication with him. One day, a soldier was sentenced to death for an offense which excited his lordship's indignation. On his way to the place of execution, the condemned man, thinking of a future state, cried out: "Lord have mercy upon me!" "I'll be d—d if I do!" said Stirling, puffing up his cheeks with rage. He imagined that to him the appeal was addressed. Lafayette is said to have told this characteristic anecdote inimitably.

The visit of this illustrious man to New Orleans, in 1825, was an event in its history. He was received as the guest of the city with appropriate ceremonies, and enthusiastically greeted by all classes of citizens.

An incident, which occurred during Lafayette's stay, will serve to show the condition of the city above the "neutral ground" dividing the French section from the American.

The committee of arrangements placed the general in a carriage for a drive "up town." The horses made successful headway against the mud until Poydras Street was reached, when the turnout swamped. The general was compelled to take a plank until the floundering horses were extricated. The situation was at once amusing and ridiculous, but no one enjoyed it more than he who had been in many a tighter place in a winter's campaign. The frogs, at that time, had things their own way in the region of a present busy and bustling thoroughfare.

The manuscript of the subjoined letter is remarkable for two things: the little attention paid to the graces of chirography, and the haste with which it was evidently written; second, the strokes of the pen, which are small, cramped and heavy:

RAWSON'S TAVERN, 26 June 1781.

DEAR SIR,

I Request you will leave the Baggage under a proper guard, and move with the militia towards this place—the enemy are at Williamsburg, except a party under Simcoe which I Hope gen'l waine (Wayne) is going to attack. Yours,
To gen. lawson. LAFAYETTE.

General Lafayette died in 1834. It is worth while quoting the words of N. P. Willis, then in Paris: "I was at Lafayette's funeral. They buried the old patriot like a criminal. Fixed bayonets before and behind his hearse, his own National Guards disarmed, and troops enough to beleaguer a city, were the honors paid by the 'citizen king' to the man who had made him! The indignation, the scorn, the bitterness expressed on every side by the people, and the ill-smothered cries of disgust as the two empty royal carriages went by in the funeral train, seemed to me strong enough to indicate a settled hostility to the

government. I met Dr. Bowring (of London) on the boulevard after the funeral was over. I had not seen him for two years, but he could talk of nothing but the great event of the day. 'You have come in time,' he said, 'to see how they carried the old general to the grave! What would they say of this in America? Well—let them go on; we shall see what will become of it. They have buried Liberty and Lafayette together—our last hope in Europe is quite dead with him!'

The words were prophetic. The revolution—the exile of the Orleans-Bourbons—the graves on the shores of Albion, all look like retribution.

NATHANIEL GREENE.

Every one is acquainted with the eminent services of Major-General Nathaniel Greene, the favorite of Washington, who distinguished himself at Trenton, Princeton, Eutaw Springs,—in fine, did so much to rescue the Southern colonies from the British.

It is a singular, and, indeed, a melancholy fact, that though this brave soldier died in Georgia, where he lived for many years after the Revolution, engaged in agricultural pursuits, his grave can not now with certainty be identified.

In the letter below, our fair readers will perceive that General Greene was attentive to household duties as he was to those of the camp. Some of them will smile, perhaps, when they contrast the stove of which the general speaks with the marvelously improved patented cookery inventions of to-day.

The handwriting of Greene is bold and strong, verging upon the dashing style, the signature particularly.

COVENTRY, Sept. 29th, 1778.

DEAR SIR:—Mrs Greene will be exceedingly obliged to you to get a good stove made for her. She wishes it to be lined with Tin. The sooner you can get it done the greater will be the obligation. If you have any safe conveyance please forward it.

I hope you have sent off all the Horses, agreeably to the conversation you and I had the other day. The censorious times will require double diligence to save yourself from reproach, and there are not a few who would wish to find you tripping.

My best regards to your good Lady, your Cousin and his Lady. I am with sentiments of regard
your most Ob't

humble serv't,
N. GREENE.

Col. Epr. Bowen.

The latter part of the second paragraph of the above letter gives us no agreeable idea of human nature in the revolutionary days. Envious eyes and censorious tongues could neither be closed nor silenced, even when Great Britain had her hand at the throat of the struggling colonies. "Not a few" would have been glad to find a Continental officer "tripping!"

Ah, well; from the Adamic days down to modern times, human nature has been the same unregenerate nature!

BARON STEUBEN.

Frederick William Augustus Steuben, baron, acquired a thorough knowledge of military discipline and tactics under the Teuton thunderbolt, Frederick the Great. The gallant Prussian arrived in America in 1777, and immediately proffered his services to Congress in defense of the colonies against British aggression and invasion. Baron Steuben was appointed Inspector-General, with the rank of Major-General, and devoted himself to reducing the Continental militia to that discipline which would enable them to compete with the well-drilled armies of Britain.

When the Revolution was over, he made New York his home, and died in that city in 1795.

The following letter, written at the capital of Virginia, breathes an earnest zeal in behalf of the cause in which he had engaged. It is full of quiet earnestness and determination.

The chirography is plain, even and painstaking, evincing the studied care and phlegma of a German student and tactician—a man fit to bring order out of chaos.

RICHMOND, Jan'y 28th. 1781.

SIR: Your favor of the 24th. inst. I had not the pleasure of receiving till last night.

I am perfectly satisfied with the answer you sent Arnold.

It is not my intention to enter into a general exchange of Prisoners with him at present, there were three persons who

were taken in arms I wish to exchange. I have wrote Gen'l Muhlenburg on the subject. Parson Hurt, Mr. Cocke and Capt. Pearce are the persons alluded to.

I beg you to inform the volunteers under Major Jones that those of them who will not engage to serve during the Invasion and yield perfect obedience to the commands of those who are appointed to command them, are at full liberty to go home. Major Jones will send me a list of those gentlemen who stay.

I have already spoke the Governor on sending a number of Militia horse from the lower counties, as it is the only method we can go on to get horse at present: I shall again urge the matter.

I have been very sorry to observe Major Nelson's corps scattered all over the country, some on pretense of Business, others on no pretense at all.

I shall be happy to have those of his corps now in this State kept more together than they have been, and as to those in Maryland, I have consulted the Governor who will send you them if the Council agree to it.

Sir Your Most Obt. &c. Servt,

STEUBEN

Maj. General.

The Hon'ble Brig. General Lawson,
Smithfield.

AARON BURR.

Vice-President Burr could boast, long before his death, that he was the "best-abused man" in America. The bullet sent into Hamilton proved equally fatal to the survivor. From that moment clouds thickened around his head, until the storm burst in all its fury, when he was hunted down, arrested and tried in Virginia for high treason.

The passer-by, who from Broadway, or the narrow street called Rector, running to the Hudson, sees perched upon a slight elevation in Trinity churchyard, the plain monument under which rest the bones of Hamilton, invariably thinks of Burr. To the ear of fancy, the quick, sharp report of the pistol crashes through the air from Weehawken, and the eye sees New York go into mourning over the great Federalist; and afterward, a little, bowed man, with glittering eyes, which he rarely lifted from the ground, walks slowly along Broadway, unnoticed and unnoticed.

Then, for it is the way of the world, a thousand tales were circulated prejudicial to his reputation which had but a foundation of sand; and such as could be put down as authentic, were magnified into unforgivable criminal enormities.

Unhappily for Burr, society, at the time of the duel and for some years following, was in one of its periodical over-righteous moods. For aggregated humanity has its moods as well as segregated humanity. Society wanted a victim, the more conspicuous the victim the better, and it cried out lustily against Burr: "Crucify him! crucify him!" All men who have lived any time in this world know that society can no more get along without a victim, than an anaconda can flourish without its capacious stomach being filled to repletion; and it otherwise resembles the anaconda, too, for the victimization takes place at certain periods.

Parton, in his "Life," argues that if Burr was an unscrupulous man, Hamilton was equally so; and surely, if the letters of that renowned politician are genuine, no more corrupt party leader lived in this country. Like his antagonist, he was not without his amours, but he had the discretion to keep a sharp lookout for public opinion.

Burr was a natural filibustero. He lived before his time. No man to-day would greatly suffer for organizing an armed expedition against Mexico. But in Burr's day, a filibustero was a monstrous criminal, to be ostracized and crushed. The events of the last quarter century would astonish the people of Burr's day, could they realize what a change has come over us.

Par parenthese. Whatever men may think of Burr, there is one event in his young soldier-history that "covers a multitude of sins."

Pedestrians on Broadway pause to look upon the inscription on the vault in the front wall of St. Paul's Church. Within it repose the mortal remains of the hero of Quebec, the gallant Montgomery. His body was sepulchred by the Republic and the State of New York. When he fell, in a charge near Cape Diamond, it was young Aaron Burr who on that bleak and fatal day bore from the field on his own shoulders, knee-deep in snow, the body of the fallen

chieftain. It was a loving, patriotic, noble act, and was happily eulogized by the venerable Dr. Spring, of New York, some years since.

I am wandering from the letter before me. Those who have read Matthew L. Davis's "Life and Correspondence of Aaron Burr," will recollect what that writer says of the happy epistles of the subject of his memoir to such females as he desired to fascinate. It is curious to see the kind of paper used in the latter part of the last and the beginning of the present century. It is so coarse, brown and thick as to have the appearance of wrapping-paper employed in our dry-goods stores. The following letter is written upon just such material, and the coarseness of its texture renders it well-nigh impossible that the pen could move very gracefully over its surface. Such a sheet sent to a lady in these days of gold-leaf paper and ornamented envelopes, would make her open her eyes in amazement, and almost disregard the contents were they ever so eloquent. Yet there is an evenness, and we might say elegance about the handwriting, which comports with the renown of the writer as a fastidiously neat and careful correspondent.

The reader will see that Burr eagerly seized upon Mr. Monroe's intimation that their correspondence should be carried on in cypher: He was constantly inventing plans to render his letters unintelligible, and hence the new suggestion. He writes to Monroe, on the eve of that gentleman's departure for France, thus:

NEW YORK, 18 June 1794.

My Dear Sir:—You must have rec'd Mr. Prevost's final answer to the letter I left Phila'da. He has the utmost respect for your goodness and politeness, yet the possibility of remaining without resource is a hazard which he thinks his circumstances will not warrant him to encounter: and from motives of delicacy he will not allow me to interfere in removing this embarrassment. If you should be at any time without a Secretary and should choose to receive him as such, he will cheerfully obey your summons.

You will find me a very punctual correspondent—and the more extensive the Cypher is (which you propose to make) the more interesting may be our letters to each other—a name which will occur frequently, had best be designated by two or three different characters.

Health, honor, happiness attend you, is the constant, the sincere, and ardent wish of

Your most faithful & affec'e.

AARON BURR.

If you should find books cheap in Paris and bills on America can be sold, I shall trouble you or Mr. S. with large orders. Report says Miss Woolstonecroft is married—if so, her credit on me ceases.

I have been confined to my house, almost wholly to my bed, since I have been home, by an increase of that complaint in the side which was in a less degree troublesome when we parted. I mention it as an apology for so long a silence.

Col. Monroe.

The President of the Era of Good Feeling did not share with Jefferson an inveterate fear and dislike of Burr. It is an interesting coincidence that President Monroe died in poverty, and was buried at the home of Burr, and that the remains of the former were transferred to Richmond, Virginia, and overlook from Hollywood Cemetery the building in which the latter was tried for high treason!

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

The following letter was written while Mr. Jefferson was Governor of Virginia:

RICHMOND, May 8, 1781.

SIR:—Ld Cornwallis being on his march for Virginia & Gen'l Phillips setting out from Brandon to join his forces to those of the former, obliges us to call every man into the field for whom arms can be procured, and to require the reinforcements of militia from below the Blue ridge intended for Gen'l Greene, or as much of them as have not actually marched to rendezvous at Prince Edward C. H. or Taylor's ferry, so that they may join in the opposition to Ld. Cornwallis or go on to Gen'l Greene as exigencies shall require. I cannot yet get a council, so that it is out of my power to advise your conduct tho' I thought it my duty to notify this determination as to the rendezvous of those militia. Should they have actually marched it is not our intention to recall them.

I am with great respect,

Brigad'r Gen'l Lawson,
Prince Edward.

TH. JEFFERSON.

Evidently the above letter was written in haste. The style is not that of Jefferson in happy moments. It is loose, confused, inelegant. No man in America

knew better how to put smooth, terse, graceful English on paper, than the author of the Declaration of Independence. There are times when even the Beau Brummells of fashion will sink into slovenly habits. A statesman is less fastidious, but one often wishes that our great men could always be seen, whether in the closet or the cabinet, to the best advantage. But they are not sons of the gods, and so they are not always in shining raiment. —John W. Overall.

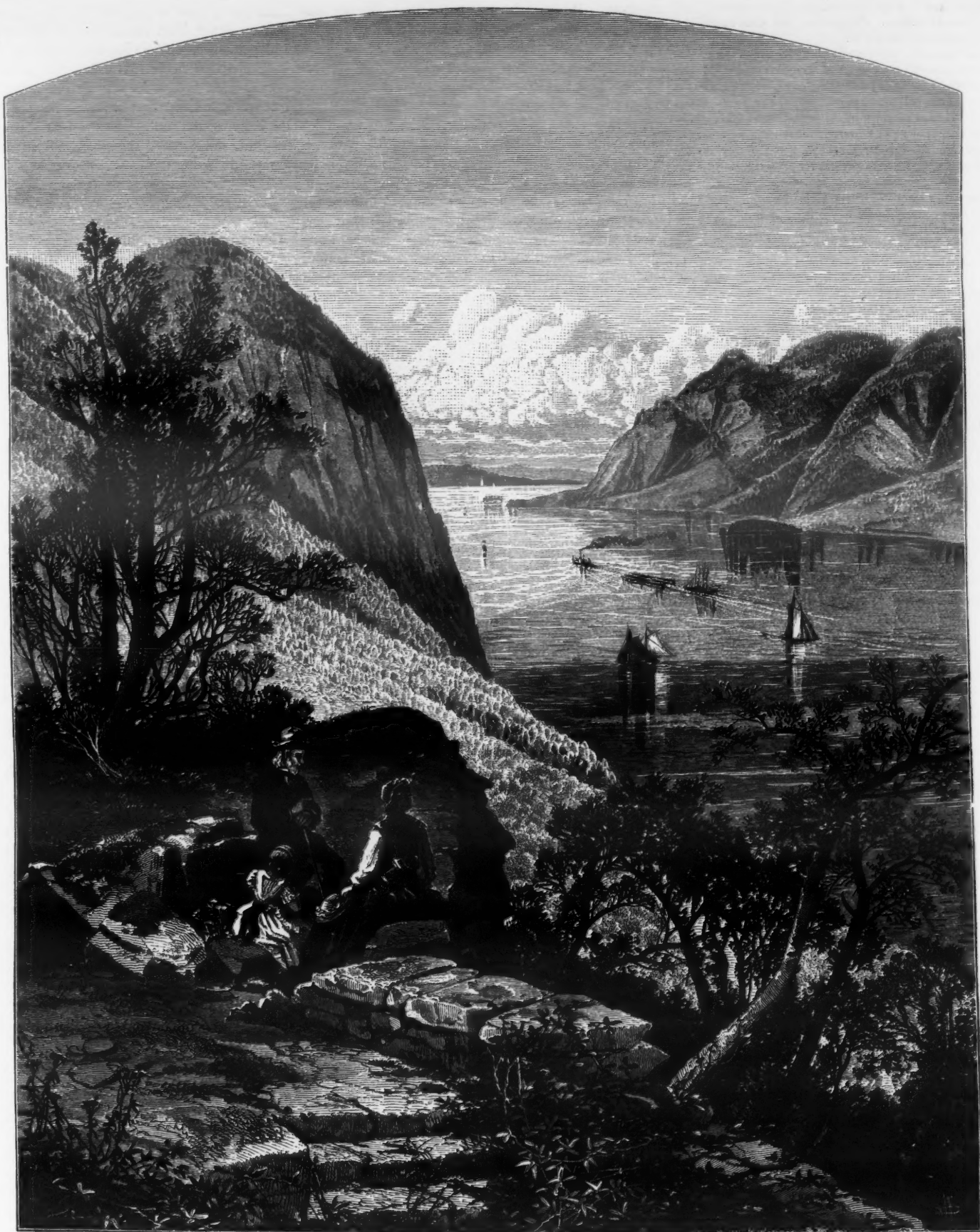
ODDLY BEAUTIFUL NORMANDY.

NORMANDY, beyond almost any other portion of France, unless it be the region of the Pyrenees, is the artist's country. Picturesque even to the everyday dress of the people, there is nothing commonplace about it. Their farming customs are peculiar; their very beasts and vehicles have an aspect of the unusual; and all their doings seem rather to suggest holidays than work. It is always as if they had grouped themselves or were moving about for artistic effect. Whatever they are about, they make subjects for painters; and the gay colors of the peasant costume give bright dashes to light them up. Women down on their knees are washing clothes in the streams; women carrying scarlet umbrellas to keep off the sun are returning from the forests, trudging along beside their sturdy little horses laden with fagots, or from the harvest-field with the horses almost hidden by the six or eight sheaves balanced across their backs; women going to market, tidy and trim in their stiff, high, white caps, plaited kerchiefs with a flower or cross showing against the folds, gay petticoats with a pocket of some other color on the outside, and brown, wooden shoes held by a strap across the instep—some of their faces young and comely, some old and shriveled, and burned to a copper hue by exposure to the sun, but all striking and worth looking at as they go clattering along, carrying their baskets, or walking by the side of the quaint little carts which might have come down from Joan of Arc's time.

To one who delights in the romantic and odd, in the ancient and time-worn, in the crookedness and narrowness of old-world passages and streets, rather than in comfort and space and fresh air and light, there is enough to be found in certain Norman towns, although so much has been made new. The houses in the undisturbed quarters are wonders of architecture, and attractive with that mellowness of coloring, those soft gray or warm brown tints which no hand but that of Time can paint. Common houses, which were built to live in, have mouldings and decorations fit for a minster. The artisans of those days had infinite leisure; they were slow in execution, but their work was done to last; and there they stand, those grim old houses, gray with a grayness of an antiquity so far back that if we try to become identified with it we shall find ourselves in the Middle Ages. And how fascinating to our eyes, used to the white glare and the straight lines of our own towns, is this dusky stain of age, this architectural irregularity!

There are lanes so steep that no vehicle can be used in them, and so narrow that the dwellers can almost shake hands across; and these dusky ways crook in and out between houses so tall that they have no need of trees there—for they shade each other all day long—with steep-pointed roofs, and the queerest of chimneys, and many gables jutting over the stories below, and windows of various shapes and sizes set in unaccountable places, away up under the eaves, or in the roof, or in corners so high up that one seems as far removed from the passers below as the "sleepy old town" is from the actual life of to-day; and there is nothing fresh, or young, or bright about them, except a bird in a cage, or the flowers on the stone window-ledge. But there is a charm that draws you and will not let you go. You know that they are damp and unwholesome, that they are musty, moth-eaten, worm-eaten, moss-grown, and that the cleanliness and sweet air of a nineteenth century dwelling will suit better your ideas of comfort and convenience; but you can not resist the spell which history casts over you.

These towns are full of memories. They call up the Crusaders, and the Conqueror, and the French



VIEW FROM FORT PUTNAM, WEST POINT.—J. D. WOODWARD.

and English forces which met beneath the walls. From those windows leaned matron and maiden to catch a last glimpse of husband and lover going off to the Crusades, and the pavement below rang to the clank of armor.

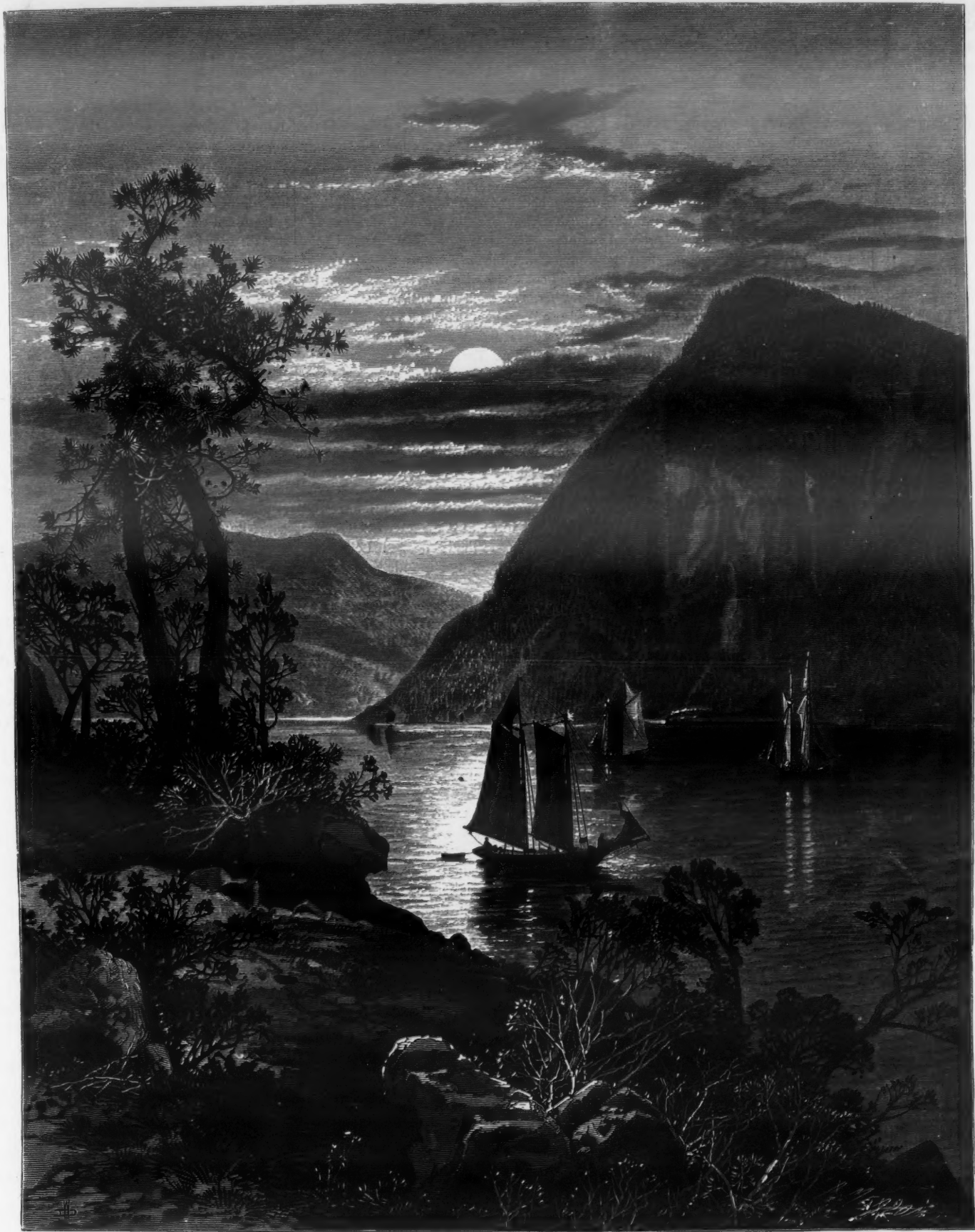
Here is Evreux: quaint old place, with pent-house windows in the roofs, and projecting upper stories, and stone awnings, and images of the Saviour and the Virgin in the angles—it is peaceful enough now; but in Froissart's time the alarms of war made the days and nights a terror. St. Lo, too—which he says was a very rich and commercial town, where was much "drapery," that is, cloths, bales upon bales of it, but which was never secure so long as the wars lasted. Rouen: in the midst of its meadows of emerald green along the willow-bordered river—birthplace of some of the most renowned of the Crusaders,

burial-place of more than one of the Plantagenets and of the heart of Cœur de Lion, bequeathed by himself to the cathedral, where it is kept, and has been seen, in similitude to a shriveled leaf; place, too, of the martyrdom of Joan of Arc, who was burned in the market-square, where men and maidens for a while suspended their haggling and chaffering to gaze at the unwonted sight. In Rouen, of all places, we look for the quaint and rich in architecture; and there, true enough, are the many-gabled houses, looking so top-heavy that it seems as if they might lurch forward at any moment; and there is the cathedral with its excessive and elaborate ornaments, its sculptured images set thickly from base to tower, and its rich interior dim with a gorgeous dimness.

And other towns there are, more especially associated with some event in the life of the Conqueror—

Falaise, where he was born, and Caen, where he was buried—a place which figures in the old chronicles as "large, strong and handsome, with many rich citizens, noble dames and damsels and fine churches,"—a splendidly fortified town, down whose streets in gay and gallant array rode King Edward and the Black Prince, with all their knights and men-at-arms—beneath whose walls kings of England or kings of France waited for the city to surrender or starve; Bayeux, now a dull, ecclesiastical town, but once resonant with the sound of arms.

And last, Dives, where, while Matilda wrought at her tapestry, William gathered his army for the invasion of England. Thither in that summer were taken in droves the strong Norman horses, herds of cattle, and supplies from all parts of the rich province. And the place was picturesque and lively with the soldiers



ANTHONY'S NOSE, FROM IONA ISLAND.—J. D. WOODWARD.

and hangers-on, peddlers of small wares, fruiterers, fish-wives, horse-dealers—a tumultuous multitude thronging street and market-place and camp, making it gay with the varied costumes, pennons, banners and caparisoned steeds. And the sounds of forge and hammer and clinking of metal were heard from morning till night, and trade flourished, and the ground shook with the tramp of feet, till on a day in September they embarked, and the queer, slow-moving vessels drifted away.

—Amanda B. Harris.

HUDSON RIVER HIGHLANDS SCENERY.

WHATEVER may have been the controversies held by the people of different nations, over the comparative charms of the rivers of the Old and New Worlds, in the past half-century—it is now pretty generally

admitted, we opine, that in the Rhine of the Old World, and the Hudson of the New, the extreme of possible beauty in river scenery is reached, and between the two are to be very nearly equally divided the first honors. Meanwhile, only a small portion of the river, in each case, bears the brunt of requirement and admiration,—that of the Rhine being found between Bonn and Biebrich, and that of the Hudson between Peekskill and Newburgh, or, more properly, Cornwall, above West Point. Both the type-rivers, of course, have other portions of great beauty, but principally in the outlook from them—the Rhine giving glimpses of many of the finer portions of Switzerland, from beside its upper waters, and of the hills of the Black Forest, much further below; while far above the Highlands proper the Hudson gives view of the splendid hills of Ulster,

and then of the Catskill Mountains, in many regards among the handsomest and most enjoyable on either continent, even if limited in height—and especially notable for the grace with which they bound the western view from the Hudson, as they give an unequalled panorama over it, from the Mountain House, the Overlook, etc.

The crowning charm of the Hudson will always be found in the Highlands (properly so called), beyond a doubt. Approaching them from the South, at a certain distance they change from any Rhine resemblance, and forcibly remind the traveler of certain features of the Scottish Loch Lomond, with Ben Lomond filling up the background, in coming up to Inversnaid from Balloch or Tarbet. Here it is that the largest of the accompanying illustrations is caught—the “Entrance of the Highlands,” seen from below

Peekskill, with the remarkable prominence of Anthony's Nose (often severely "blown" by the sharp winds sweeping down through the pass) on the right; the monarch hills of the western side of the gate, with the Dunderberg, so dear to the heart of Willis, rising in bold opposition on the left, with dim suspicions of the more northerly highlands seen through the gorge; and in the foreground the principal object one of those marvelous combinations of the picturesque and the practical, called a "tow," well compounded of steamer, barges and all the other concomitants of a moving world. The second of these illustrations presents a charmingly beautiful view, "Up the River, from Old Fort Putnam"—the latter place the scene of Arnold's attempted betrayal of an important fortress into the hands of the British, and the whole view probably one combining as much of natural beauty with historical interest, as can be found in any one spot of the Western Continent. Still the third gives us a closer and more detailed view of "Anthony's Nose, from Iona Island" (now one of the most popular of resorts for up-the-river pic-nic parties)—in which the noble proboscis of Anthony shows to excellent advantage, with much probability of remaining intact for a long period.

CAUGHT IN THE WOODS.

HARK, the wavelets rippling by,
Liquid lapse, and murmurous rise!
Rippling softly, silverly,
Past the maid, with dreamy eyes
Musing, and half-parted lips,—
Where the fairy current slips,
Glimpsed 'twixt sunlight and eclipse:—

How the tranquil forest broods
O'er its own deep heart to-day;
Lo! the trees their inmost moods
Whisper to the winds that stray
Lightly 'mid the branches tall;
Still, the wavelets rise and fall,—
And a pure peace claspeth all:—

Now's the hour to breathe my love,
This the scene to hear my vows;
For, the heavens are fair above,
And the glad birds throng the boughs;
While, world-banished, softened, she
Here perchance may thrill with me
To Nature's *benedicite*!

"Sweet," I said, "behold the trees
Yielding to the breeze's kiss;
Hearken to the tender breeze
Whispering back its stolen bliss;—
Nay! the very wavelets rolled
'Neath the glint of green and gold,
Blend, with murmurs manifold!

"All the summer earth seems rife
With one thought that subtly runs
Deep as death, and dear as life,
From the tide's flash to the sun's;—
All below, and all above,—
Cloudless heaven, and wooing dove,—
Hints of love, love, only love!"
—Paul H. Hayne.

LORD CORMAC'S DAUGHTER.

THERE is no lovelier or more romantic scenery in all Ireland than lies around the ancient castle of Blarney. Its ruinous, vine-clad towers rise from a wild precipitous ridge of rock, which is washed at the base by that small, but beautifully clear river, the Aw Martin. If this placid stream, with the ivied castle glassed in its clear bosom, could speak like the magic mirror in some old fairy tale, what marvelous stories it might tell? Or if the trembling ivies, whispering together over the crumbling arches, or the venerable rooks, cawing around the ancient towers, could tell all they knew?

So thought the artist, who, resting on the opposite bank of the river, was dreamily sketching the picturesque scene. The bright noon sunlight dazzling his vision, he turned for recreation to a small yellow volume he had picked up at a neighboring inn, and there chanced upon a curious old legend, which ran something in this fashion:

In the days of that haughty Queen Elizabeth, when these crumbling towers were part of a noble castle,

there lived here a right merry and generous gentleman, named Lord Cormac McDermod. He was famed for being smooth and fair of speech, owing, doubtless, to a remarkable stone which lay in one of his castle towers. This marvelous stone was said to have been brought all the way from Asia, by the Phœnicians; and all agreed that it possessed the power of conferring upon those who kissed it, the gift of saying everything agreeable by way of coaxing, compliment, or praise.

Lord Cormac had one daughter, a beautiful girl, named Kathleen, who was the light of his eyes and pride of his life. This dear little Kathleen, said the ancient chronicle, was not only beautiful, but she was enchanting. There was a winsome charm, a roguish witchery about her, that enchained all hearts.

Now this little Kathleen hated Elizabeth with a warm, Irish hatred; for that avaricious Queen had sent her Lord President, Earl of Leicester, to seize the castle and confiscate the estates, as she had advice that Lord Cormac was a rebel and a traitor in the pay of Spain. For these grand offenses, Lord Cormac was to be driven from his castle and banished from the land. The Irish chief had put off the Lord President with fair speeches and soft promises from time to time; but now he was to be put off by such sweet blandishments no longer. Just as the inmates of Blarney Castle began to tremble for their safety, news arrived that Lord Tyrone had engaged Leicester's attention in another part of the island, so they felt secure for awhile.

Lord Cormac had forbidden Kathleen, however, to venture beyond the castle walls, lest they should suddenly be surprised by the enemy. But one May morning, when the woodlands were vocal with the minstrelsy of birds, and all the slopes and meads were thickly spread with "sweets the dawn of nature yields," Kathleen felt an irresistible desire to race with the winds once more over the hills of Blarney.

"Surely all danger is past now," said the naughty maiden to herself; and leaning from her casement, whistled softly.

"Larry," she said, to a page who answered her call, "bring out Kelpie, and be whist, Larry!"

Dressed like a peasant-girl, she ran lightly down to the court-yard, and mounted Kelpie, a fiery little creature, as fond of a frolic as its beautiful mistress. The old porter was loth to open the gates.

"What will the lord say when he finds his bird Kathleen has flown?" he answered to her entreaty.

"Oh, Dennis! he knows you can refuse me nothing. There is no danger now, and I will be back in the wink of an eye."

"It is little use to hinder you, Lady Kathleen," said Dennis, shaking his gray head. "I believe the very bolts and bars would melt before those roguish smiles if I did not let you through." So saying, he opened a narrow postern gate, and Kathleen gayly sallied forth.

The stars were still shining in the sky, as she sped away, careless and free as a bird. She sauntered through the charming groves of Blarney, inhaling the delicious fragrance of opening roses and carnations, that bordered all the walks in this enchanting wood. The purling streams, whispering leaves, trilling birds, all the wild music of the woodlands, stirred her soul with gladness. On she scampered, over upland, lowland, brake and glen, without a shadow of coming danger warning her to turn homeward.

As she was racing down a mountain path, a wounded stag rushed past and bounded into the river below. A crimson track marked his pathway down the stream, and Kathleen gazed after him with beating heart. A strange foreboding suddenly oppressed her.

Hastening on, she mounted a bare and rugged height, which overlooked the neighboring town of Cork, whose spires and towers were gilded in the early sunlight. The bells were pealing, and strange ships were lying in the harbor. Kathleen paused in amazement, when she was startled by the distant blare of trumpets and clang of arms. Turning, she fled away like a frightened fawn.

"Faith," she said, "I would like to see the enemy who could catch me." Fearless girl, she little knew

how soon she was to have her wish. Galloping at full speed around a turn in the mountain road, she came suddenly upon a vision that froze the very smile upon her lips.

A knight in gold-enameled armor, with a glittering array of armed and mounted men, arose from the dust-clouds that swept toward her. Instead of escaping from the enemy she had rushed into their very arms. She well-nigh wheeled Kelpie over a precipice in her fright; but the gallant cavalier, leaping from his saddle, caught her rein.

Kathleen shuddered as she gazed down the dizzy abyss from which she had been rescued; but recovering her presence of mind, she said, with a modest blush, "Thank you, most noble knight! You have saved my life."

"And right glad I am of it, little maid," rejoined the knight. With her wind-blown curls, rose-tinted cheeks, and eyes soft and bright as a fawn's, he thought this wild rose most refreshingly beautiful, contrasted with the painted and bedizened ladies of Elizabeth's court.

"I pray you, of your courtesy, to let me pass on, now," timidly plead the little maid.

"Nay, fair damsel," returned the knight, almost tenderly, for he noted that the little hand in his trembled like a leaf. Kathleen trembled still more, as the knight, fixing his eagle eyes upon her, added sternly: "You must show us the way to Blarney Castle."

"Are you the Lord President?" cried Kathleen, with amazement.

"I am Ingall Dudley, cousin of the Lord President, Earl of Leicester," replied the knight haughtily. "Will you lead us directly to Blarney Castle?"

Kathleen was not at all overcome by these vast titles, but she was dismayed by this last request. However, with dimpling cheeks and a mock reverence, she replied:

"Most high and mighty Lord Ingall! I will be charmed to lead you there without delay, on a certain condition."

"There's mischief in those dimples!" suspected the knight, rightly enough. "We have no time to waste on conditions," he said, impatiently; "that haughty rebel castle must be ours by nightfall."

"Blessed Virgin! have mercy on us! May so dark a night never fall," cried Kathleen, in her heart. Aloud, she replied indifferently:

"Helas! If I must, I will lead you, Sir Ingall."

"Lead on, then!" said the knight, more gently, and he loosed her rein.

The Irish chieftain's daughter sped away like an arrow, and a toilsome chase she and wicked Kelpie led them, over steep rocks, down slippery precipices, through dark ravines, and along narrow mountain paths.

"Little gypsy! where are you leading us to?" demanded the knight, as, heated and breathless, he caught up to her, and once more seized her rein. "Is this fair castle in the clouds of heaven, or caves of the earth, that you should lead us up and down at such a rate?"

Roguish little Kathleen! Glancing at the knight with a half-penitent and altogether bewitching smile, that made him forget, for the moment, what he was angry about, she said:

"I promised to lead you there on a certain condition, and I will now, if you will only promise to kiss the Blarney Stone."

"Nonsense!" said the knight, scornfully.

"It would soften your voice and make you more amiable," pleaded Kathleen, naively.

"In troth," replied the knight, smiling in spite of himself, "I did not come to Ireland to be amiable."

"Then, Sir Ingall," said Kathleen, with a soft, merry laugh, "I will wish you good morning and a very pleasant journey to the Castle of Blarney." With these words, she turned Kelpie's head, and, before the knight could detain her, had dashed out of sight in a thicket of laurel-trees.

She reached home safely, and brought the alarming news that the enemy had landed at Cork, and would soon be at their gates; for they had threatened, she



A LAST GREETING. — AFTER GABRIEL MAX.

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had heard, to storm the castle before nightfall. How she had heard it, trembling little Kathleen did not deem it wise to tell.

Nightfall came, wild and stormy, but the castle was still standing, and there was no sign of the enemy. The Irish chieftain's family sat down to supper in the great castle hall with something of their old hilarity, when suddenly a loud ringing knock came at the outer gate. An old harper was seeking shelter for the night from the storm.

"Bring him in! Bring him in!" exclaimed Lord Cormac. "I would not keep my worst enemy waiting in such a storm."

The minstrel seemed a merry old soul, and his rollicking songs made them forget, in the merriment of the hour, all care and danger.

Kathleen sat pensively by the fireside; her rare beauty heightened by the rosy flickering touch of the firelight. Only the minstrel, who sat near her, noticed the shadow on her brow.

While the others were singing a mirthful chorus, he tuned his harp to a low, plaintive melody, and fixing his dark eyes upon her, sang in a low voice, tremulous with emotion:

"Your face so fair, your eyes so bright,
With startling power attract me.
Do what I will, by day or night,
Wild thoughts of you distract me.

I wish I ne'er had seen your face,
Nor met your bright eyes beaming,
Then might I know a moment's peace,
Nor now be madly dreaming."

Kathleen turned pale and trembled. A chilling dread smote through her heart. Where had she seen those eyes before?

Morning dawned fair and beautiful after the wild and stormy night; and fair as the morning was Kathleen in her blue silken kirtle, with pearls at her throat, and a creamy rose in her hair. She had sought the tower where the Blarney Stone lay, and, leaning over the parapet, was absorbed in deep meditation, when she heard approaching footsteps. Turning, she saw the old harper who had entertained them the night before.

"Good morning, Sir Ingall!" exclaimed Kathleen, as she swept a low courtesy.

"Am I discovered?" ejaculated the knight, starting as though the tower reeled with him.

"Your life is in my hands," replied Kathleen, in low, tremulous tones.

"I do not fear death," said the brave knight, casting aside the disguise of minstrel. He was a man of noble presence, as he stood there with bared brow in the early sunlight. Then Kathleen said:

"Can I forget you saved my life but yester-morn? Promise me, quickly, to kiss the Blarney Stone, or leave this castle in peace, and by my faith you shall go unharmed."

The knight, musing, drew a silver bugle from his breast. "Lady, do you not see," he asked, "the banners of my men approaching over yonder heights? With one shrill whistle I could call them round this castle, and I doubt not but they would soon beat in these stubborn doors. Nevertheless, I will even kiss the Blarney Stone to please a fair, capricious damsel, though, truly, I believe I am bewitched. Where is this marvelous stone?"

"Follow me," said the fair damsel, leading him down some winding stairs to a narrow window: a window overlooking a dizzy precipice, with the swift river gliding at its base. While Sir Ingall Dudley gazed down with great amazement and consternation at the dreadful view, Kathleen explained to him that the Blarney Stone was imbedded in the tower wall, six feet below, and that to kiss it, he must be suspended from this window by his heels.

"But," she concluded, smiling roguishly, "I would not advise you to try so perilous a feat. I would rather entreat you not to attempt it, but to fulfill the other part of your promise and leave the castle unharmed."

"A pretty snare you have allured me into—a pretty snare!" and the discomfited knight shook his head reprovingly at the mischievous little damsel.

At that moment a bright thought occurred to him. "Lady Kathleen, why would it not do just as well to kiss you, instead of the Blarney Stone?"

"Why, Sir Ingall," she answered, blushing, "you do not know how high I value my kisses. For one, you should give up all right and claim and title to this castle." She little dreamed he would care to take so dear a kiss.

"A castle for a kiss, then!" exclaimed the chivalrous knight, who surely must have been bewitched, and his eyes grew strangely tender as he pressed a kiss upon her lily brow.

Strange to relate, Sir Ingall did not hasten away, but remained the guest of Lord Cormac for several days. The Irish chieftain was much affected when Kathleen told him how the gallant knight had saved her life, and declared that whatever Sir Ingall's feelings might be toward him, he should always entertain a warm friendship for that noble knight.

It might have been a week afterward, that Leicester received the following inexplicable missive from his cousin, Ingall Dudley:

"MOST NOBLE AND ESTEEMED COUSIN:

"We have not yet forced Blarney Castle to surrender. It is a delightful place, and there is fine hunting and fishing hereabouts, too. The castle is so fortified that I think it is impregnable. Lord Cormac is a good fellow, and has a charming daughter. I wish that uproarious old Tyrone would be quiet long enough for you to come down here. "I. D."

"Thunder and lightning," growled the old earl. "Charming!" "Delightful!" That boy has been kissing the Blarney Stone, and Blarney's daughter too, perchance. I must go out and see to it directly."

Accordingly, to the great dismay of the inmates, he appeared before the gates of Blarney Castle, one fine summer's morning, at the head of a band of valiant men. They pounded roundly on the walls, for the Lord President had come determined to be very stern and cruel indeed.

What was his amazement to see portcullis and drawbridge quickly lowered, while the good-natured Irish chieftain rode forth to give him friendly greeting.

"I see your lordship can easily overpower me," he said, with graceful resignation, "and I will surrender the castle without loss of life or time if you will grant me but one small request; that is, to kiss the Blarney Stone. It is a whim that has descended in our family for generations, that no one shall occupy the castle without first kissing this marvelous stone."

"It is a trifling favor to ask," thought the earl. He was anxious, if possible, to save the lives of his men, and, besides, he had a curiosity to see the stone. So, he readily promised to kiss the Blarney Stone, and thereby obtain possession of the castle, or give up all claim to it at once and forever.

As the Lord President was a bulky old gentleman, the steep winding stairs were rather toilsome for him to climb, and his wondering face was red with exertion when he reached the top of the tower.

"Kissing the Blarney Stone is charmingly easy," said Lord Cormac, as he led the way to the window and eloquently explained the ceremony.

Leicester gazed down at the dread precipice for a moment, appalled. The view assured him that he had been fairly ensnared by this wily Irish chieftain.

"I perceive," said the furious earl, drawing himself up haughtily, "I perceive that you have made a fool of me, sir!"

"Beg pardon, most noble earl," returned the Irish chief, serenely, "but I think you have made a fool of yourself."

"Traitorous rebel! if I had half done my duty to her Majesty, I should have taken your head off before this time," roared the earl, exasperated by the provoking good nature of Lord Cormac.

"The mischief fly away with her Majesty," cried Cormac. "In troth I ought to have you hung over the great gate for such impertinence. But we can not live on compliments all day. Come down, my Lord President, and swallow your wrath in some warm Irish cheer, and we will settle all these little matters." And so they were settled, very agreeably for Lord Cormac, at least, who clearly proved to the Lord President that he was not a traitor.

Leicester soon after threw up his commission, and returned to England. He expected the Queen would be very angry with him for his discomfiture; but she only laughed at him immoderately, as did all her courtiers. "Blarney" became a by-word in the court for honeyed flatteries and delusive promises, and has remained so to this day.

And Sir Ingall! He joined the wars in the Netherlands; was wounded, and taken prisoner. Five long weary years he lay chained in a dungeon before money enough could be wrung from the Queen to ransom him.

It was after he was ransomed that, one moonlight night, a cavalier of noble presence was seen standing on one of the balconies of Blarney Castle with Kathleen. As the soft moonlight silvered the gray castle walls, shimmered through the ivies, and rained a shower of pearls upon the rippling waters far below, they talked of other days.

"Sir Ingall," said Kathleen, playfully, "My conscience has often reproached me for selling you once so dear a kiss."

"Tis not too late to make some compensation, even now, my sweetheart." And the knight, lifting with a caress her blushing face, pressed kisses on her brow, her cheeks, her lips.

After that they were seen no more. The castle and estates passed into other hands, and it was whispered that Lord Cormac, with Sir Ingall and his daughter, had sailed away to some peaceful sunny island, where no tumult of war could ever come to mar their tranquil happiness, or cloud the summer of their love.

With a sigh the artist returned to his sketch. He had been braiding his own fanciful dreams in with the legend of the yellow book. As he lifted his eyes once more to the castle, the setting sun was shedding a crimson glory around its ancient, crumbling towers. He fancied he saw the pale, grave knight, and laughing, blushing Kathleen, looking down at him from one of the ivy-wreathed windows.

"Who knows?" he said. "It might have been true!" And the whispering ivies and querulous rooks seemed to answer back:

"Who knows! Who knows! It might have been true!"
— F. B. Callaway.

A WATCH-MEETING.

"JUST home from prayer-meeting?" Why, yes, Tom;
There weren't but two of us there;
I, you see, was the one, and the other—
How the firelight, with glimmer and flare—
How it lit up the gold that lay in the folds
And the waves of her bonny brown hair!

"A queer sort of meeting?" Well, yes, Tom;
But I give you my word it was nice.
You'd indorse the assertion with fervor
Ere you'd been to the watch-meeting twice.
If your Nell's as gracious as mine is,
You'd get your request in a trice.

"I stayed late enough, in all conscience!"
So would you, had you been in my place.
(*Entre nous*, you had better not try it,
If you value your figure and face.
But one lip, I wis, should win her sweet kiss,
So pure in its maidenly grace).

We cut the old Prof. and his lectures:—
Who cares for triangle and rhomb?
But we Methodists have evening meetings
Rather harder to get away from.
There are prayer-meetings, praise-meetings, love-feasts,
And this was a watch-meeting, Tom.

The bells chimed the death of the old year,
They sang sweetest songs for the new;
And still no one whispered of leaving,
In our little "watch-meeting" of two,
Till the morning-bells rang with their joyful old clang,
And the stars faded out of the blue.

"I'm slightly irreverent?" No, sir!
You yourself put the thought in my head.
Mere nonsense, my boy; but, between us,
You may take it for earnest instead,
For I'm just that one lucky young fellow
Nell Blossom has promised to wed.

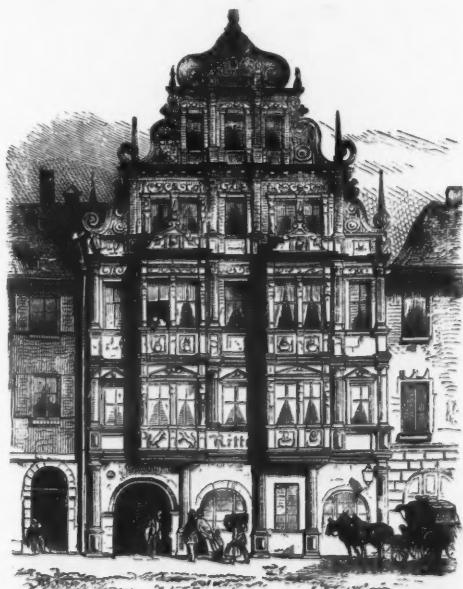
— Annie F. Burnham.



HEIDELBERG CASTLE AND BERG, FROM THE NECKAR.

PICTURESQUE EUROPE—HEIDELBERG.

ONE of the most attractive places on the continent of Europe is unquestionably the old university town of Heidelberg—one of the three of eminence with which the small Duchy of Baden is gifted, the two others being Baden-Baden and Carlsruhe. And this reminds us, by the way, that it is not a bad thing, on occasion, to have a powerful emperor for a papa-in-law; the holding of that relation by the Emperor William, throughout the late troubles, toward the Grand Duke of Baden, having been the reason why the Duchy of Baden was merely made a part of the German Empire, sharing the honor and the undervaluation with Prussia itself—instead of being, so to speak, “gobbled up” by the great power and literally wiped away from the map of Europe, as happened at the time to Saxony, which had only Great Britain as a friend and protector. The Grand Duke of Baden, at about that time—they say under orders from the imperial papa-in-law, abolished the gaming-tables at Baden-Baden, from which he had before derived so large a revenue; but there is little doubt that any loss thus sustained was made up to him in some other way, in the “family ring” style, though any such transaction was of course carefully kept out of the



OLD HOUSE IN THE CITY.

public knowledge. At all events, all the great gems of the Grand Ducal crown remained to it, in the three places of eminence already named, with one of which, Heidelberg, we have now to deal for a brief period.

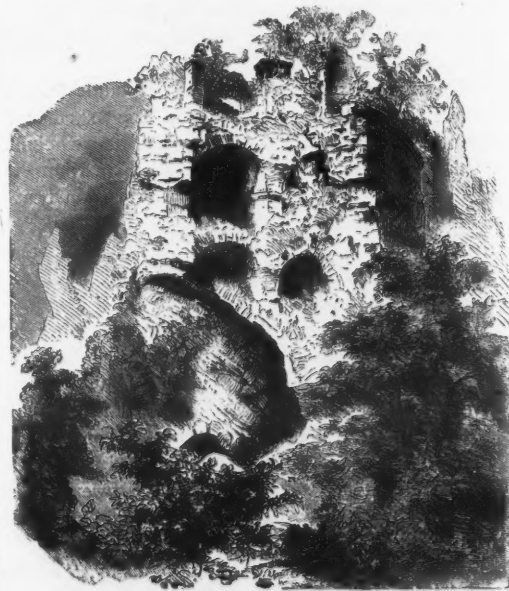
We have neither space nor intention for entering

into the history of Heidelberg in the present instance, though few courses of reading, occupying the same space, could be more interesting than a review of the fortunes of this very old city of the Rhine Palatinate. Some idea of its comparative antiquity may be formed from the fact that the Romans built a fortress on the same spot now occupied by the great structure hereafter to be noticed; while the present castle, forming one of the principal attractions of Heidelberg, was founded by the Emperor Rudolph in the fourteenth century; and only a second glance at it is necessary, to know that that castle partook quite as much of the character of the palace as the fortress, during the long ages in which the Electors Palatine of the Rhine made it their residence—one of them marrying the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of an English king, and fancying that he rather added to than detracted from her dignity in making her the sharer of his honors and his magnificent abode on the Neckar.

This small but beautiful river, the Neckar, as most travelers or students of geography are aware, falls into the Rhine on the right side of that stream, not far from Mannheim; and the town of Heidelberg, lying on the banks of the tributary stream, is so near the confluence as to be, to all intents and purposes, a Rhine-town. It is reached in a very brief ride by rail from Baden-Baden or Frankfort, and thus lies on the main highway of tourists from those type-points of German travel, further southward and eastward, to Munich, and thence to Vienna or one of the eastern crossings into Italy. About the origin of the name of the fine old town, meanwhile, there seems a very pretty jumble of opinion—one authority holding, apparently with reason, that it is derived from the German word for “heathen” (“*heiden*”), and originally called the “Hill of the Heathen,” from having been one of the elevated spots on which the Baal fires of the heathen fire-worshippers were built, even before the time of the Romans; and another that it is really “Whortleberry Hill,” or “Huckleberry Hill,” from the “*heidelbeer*,” or whortleberry, there growing in the early days; while still a third calls it the “Hill of the Myrtle,” from the resemblance of the name to that of the plant thus designated, and of which a considerable growth is known to have covered a part of the height above the Neckar. Whatever the fact, the illustration is one more added to the long list (in which “Chapultepec”—“Grasshopper Hill,” at the gates of the city of Mexico, once so prominently shared), of the frequency with which small things come to be named for great, and the cognomens and belongings of the most insignificant plants and insects wed themselves to the most memorable places and deeds of human history.

Of course the first celebrity of Heidelberg really lies with its university, and the fame acquired by the

students of that institution, throughout some centuries, not only or chiefly as students, but as “Burschen”—members of peculiar societies making more or less patriotic pretense, forcing all new-comers into their rites and habits, and keeping themselves in supposed training for possible war for Germany in the future, by carving and marking up each other with the sword, in duels so frequent and so oddly characteristic that they have long since become a part of the course of education there. For a long time past, not to have taken part in one or more duels, at the Hirschgasse, a house of student-resort on the other side of the Neckar, has been considered equivalent to not having become a fully privileged “Bursch;” and scars on cheek or brow have long been considered necessary to establish the standing as well as the courage of the Heidelberger. Let it be said, meanwhile, that those students have not so usually been bloodthirsty in the sense of desiring to take life—fights on ridiculous points of honor, with wounds duly arranged for, but every care taken to avoid a mortal issue, having been rather the rule than the exception of the system. Many readers will remember with pleasure and interest—though the volumes are now already roccoco and out of use—the “Student-Life in Germany” of William and Mary Howitt, of



THE RIVEN TOWER.

which the scenes were laid at Heidelberg, and from which all the odd doings of the “Burschen” could be estimated if they could not be witnessed. Statistically it should be added that this institution was founded in 1386, and that, through whatever vicissi-

tudes, it has long averaged the respectable though by no means formidable number of seven hundred students.

Meanwhile, there are few structures in the world really of less architectural interest than the University of Heidelberg, which stands on the level of the town itself, only moderately removed above that of the Neckar, while this first elevation is very far below that occupied by the Castle, and that very considerably below the still higher eminences of the Molkencur and the Königsstuhl, which both dominate it. The Hochstrasse (High Street) of the city is nearly two miles in length, running more or less parallel with the Neckar, and all the other streets debouching into it. Back of the town rise a range of well-wooded hills, forming one side of the valley of the Neckar, while on the other side of the river, opposite the city, the corresponding hills are clothed with vineyards, giving a very beautiful Rhine-finish to the whole scene. Taken all in all, Heidelberg may be said to have a charming location; and there are few evening resorts more tempting than the banks of the Neckar, below the town, with the ferries and rowing opportunities (including the "Students'-Walk" across the river)—always provided that the promenader, and the lady who may be supposed to make the scene perfect with her presence, are proof against the *proboscides* of a few millions of gnats and mosquitos, which (alas for the destruction of romance, as that of comfort, involved!) seem to have been matriculated at the celebrated university and to enjoy all the freedom of the place.

It is no slight climb to the Castle of Heidelberg, through and above the old town that has itself been climbing the great hill for centuries. But when the route is once completed, it is safe to say that the tourist stands beside and amid the ruins of one of the most magnificent semi-royal structures of the Middle Ages. A veritable palace as well as a castle, as we have already said, this residence has been in its day; and few ruined buildings in all the world have fought decay more stoutly, in spite of the fact that it is reputed to have been pillaged three times, five times bombarded, and twice so nearly laid in ashes as the solidity of its stone-work would allow. Among the struggles it has seen have been some of those of Tilly and Wallenstein, the latter made so celebrated by the master-hand of Schiller; and among the brightest of its periods was that which gave birth to that portion called the "English Palace," the Elector Palatine Frederick the Fifth, King of Bohemia, having built it as an additionally splendid residence for his northern bride, Elizabeth, daughter of the first English Jamie Stuart. It is said that Conrad of Hohenstauffen, at a much earlier period, began to give it the semblance of a palace, from the original square sombreness; that it was literally reconstructed by the Electors Robert I. and II.; and that towers and terraces without stint, combining once to give it the name of the "German Alhambra," were contributed by Louis the Peaceful and Frederick IV., with the before-mentioned culmination supplied by his successor of the same name. In the reign of the latter,

Bavaria took it, and the great Palatinate library was carried away to Rome; and Louis XIV. of France made so much account of destroying it, that Boileau furnished him with the motto, "*Heidelberg deleta*," as a new title of honor, for having "wiped out Heidelberg."

Much of the elaborate and costly work of old yet lingers, in the statuary in the court-yard, however stained, defaced and broken; and a proof of the fidelity of the architecture is shown in the "Riven Tower," or "Rent Tower," attempted to be blown up by the French, in temporary possession, and in pursuance of Louis' laudable design, in 1693, but only fallen apart without the least crumbling of the walls; and a still stronger proof is said to have been shown in 1764, when it was struck and half-unroofed by lightning, but without serious damage to the body

Forest, etc. But one still finer is to be enjoyed from the locality of the Molkencur (whey-cure), some hundreds of feet still higher; and from the tower on the Königsstuhl (Kings-Seat), still some hundreds of feet higher, even the second is to be found materially surpassed. Two or three miles east of the castle is to be visited the Wolfsbrunnen (Wolf-Spring), a favorite resort of the students as well as of travelers, with the additional charm of the great fish-ponds belonging to the Grand Duke, in which may be found some of the most magnificent trout in the world—if possible, a shade finer than those of the "Tahoe Fisheries," on the way between Truckee and Lake Tahoe, on the borders of California. Taken all in all, undoubtedly Heidelberg, physically, and in view of the effect it has produced on the mind and the politics of Europe, throughout several centuries, is better deserving of its

world-wide reputation than most places similarly honored; and certain it is that centuries are likely to elapse before it falls in the attraction which it presents to the student of history and the lover of the picturesque.

Among the illustrations which we present in connection, will be found the splendid general view of Heidelberg and its castle, from the Neckar; the Riven Tower, showing the effect and the non-effect of French powder; a part of the great court-yard of the castle, with some of the statuary yet remaining intact and colossal; and an old fountain and still older house in the city proper, conveying admirably the antique features of this scenic and architectural glory of the Rhine Palatinate.

SWEETMEATS.

I SHALL never forget that autumn day. I can remember, now, just how the red leaves floated down from the maple in the yard, and how some of them dropped on the evergreens, and made such a pretty contrast. I was only eight years old, and had just been dressed in a bright blue poplin, a white frilled apron, and blue boots. How proud I was of my neat appearance, especially of my long, light curls, that reached below my waist! I was expecting company that afternoon—two boy cousins and their little sister. They lived a few miles from us, in the country; but we often visited each other, and were warm friends and allies. I anticipated rare fun; for I had a new doll to show Maud, and some splendid story-books for Harry and Will. While I was amusing myself by alternately watching for their arrival, and looking at myself in the mirror, my mother went for a few minutes into neighbor Haskel's, who lived next door. I suddenly thought of the sweetmeats that I had seen mother put in the preserve closet that morning; and tempted, I suppose, by the demon who attends children, I ran to see if the door was locked. No; there was the key in the lock, and the door was actually a little way open. I peeped in, took the cover off a jar of grape jam, and was immediately fascinated beyond power of resistance. A spoon was speedily found, and then grape jam was no longer a thing ardently hoped for, a dream, a phantasy, but a joyful reality.

You can imagine the result. We need a great deal



COURT-YARD OF HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

of the wonderful structure. It is in the vaults below the castle that the celebrated "Heidelberg Tun" may be inspected by those fond of the magnificently useless—that circular vat, holding 800 hogsheads, or about 280,000 bottles of wine, having only found its fill three times since its construction, and then only for brief periods, the remainder of the time being devoted to emptiness within and a sort of pitying wonder without, in spite of the ludicrous romance of the story of Clement Perkeo, the jester of the builder, the Elector Charles Theodore,—which colossal joker is said to have drunk his eighteen bottles of wine per day, for a considerable period, in honor of the Tun, and finally procured himself to be buried with his mouth directly under the great faucet, so that he could keep on drinking indefinitely!

It need scarcely be said that one of the most charming views in all Central Europe is to be caught from and around the walls of the brave old castle—over the valley of the Neckar, the Odenwald, the Black

of experience before we can be trusted with that which we like very much. I was excessively fond of sweetmeats, and had eaten enough for a large family, when my mother coming suddenly in, arrested me in my mad career.

Well, there was no visiting with Harry and the rest. I grew desperately sick, and had to be put to bed in broad daylight, with the sun looking in at my window, and laughing at me. Mamma wouldn't even let my cousins come up to amuse me, for she said that a little girl who turned herself into a pig ought not to associate with children. So I lay and listened to their merry voices, and knew that they were playing the very games that I liked best, and worse than all, were getting on very well without me. That evening, after they were all gone, my good mother came to my room with a bowl of gruel, and comforted my stomach and my heart at the same time. She gave me a little lecture, too, illustrated with kisses, and finished up by saying that "everybody who steals sweetmeats will finally come to water gruel."

Ah, many a time in the days that followed, after the mother-lips were sealed in death, did I remember the experience and the lesson that followed it.

There was my friend, Tom Vernon—a glorious fellow. No company was complete without him. He could bewitch your soul with his music; convulse you with laughter when he chose to tell stories; win you to tears when he was sentimental; in short, play upon your heart as if you were a piano. But he hated the plain bread and butter of life, and wanted to live upon sweetmeats. He did not know (how many do?) that pleasure is only meant to give flavor to the substantial food, and so made himself sick, poor fellow, exactly as I did with my grape jam. He did not know that the soul must be fed with common, hard, substantial duties; that upon such diet it will thrive, and grow strong, and learn to despise sweetmeats out of their true place. He grew sicker and sicker, and finally came to the water gruel of dependence before he had reached middle life.

Then there was sweet Blanche Ferris. How many good qualities she had! When we were school-girls together, she used to talk in her enthusiastic way of heroism and self-denial; and when we read in our histories of grand and glorious deeds, her dark eyes would fill with light, and a look would come into her beautiful face that promised great things for the future. Yes, she had a beautiful face, and that was one of her temptations. She was praised, and sought for by those whose aims were low, whose hearts were ignoble; and loving praise and admiration too well, she neglected the strong meat of earnest effort, of heroic striving, and made herself sick with sweetmeats. She gave herself in marriage to a man whose only claim was his great wealth. She was able to adorn herself with elegant apparel; to spend her time in any way that fancy or whim dictated; to associate with those who are called great. But the old enthusiasm died; the love of heroism, of self-sacrifice, that used to glorify her face, was hidden far down in her heart, and never allowed to influence her

actions. She loved sweetmeats too well; and fortune, like a careless mother, had left the door open to the closet where the preserves were kept. But the inevitable result came soon. A cruel husband, the ill-health that follows excess, the surfeit that is worse than hunger, made her life at last intolerable. Her soul was made for duty and noble love, and she had ruined it with sweetmeats.

There are young men and women, many of them, who complain bitterly of the tyranny of circumstances. But untoward circumstances are the key that keeps us from the tempting jam. We all have undeveloped souls in our grown-up bodies. What we want is not usually that which is best for us; simply because we want, as children, who know nothing of themselves. Effort is the soul's best food, and those circumstances are beneficent that make action neces-



OLD FOUNTAIN, HEIDELBERG.

sary. He who has earned his sweetmeats by long and earnest work, will in the process have so outgrown his childish nature, that he can be safely trusted not to overeat. I believe it to be a law, founded in nature, that strength to gain guarantees strength to abstain. Therefore, he who finds a coveted joy out of his reach, may comfort himself with the reflection, that the desire of his heart is like grape jam, kept out of the way of the children; for I think that we may be pretty sure that when we are full-grown, our mother, Nature, will not take the trouble to lock up her sweetmeats.

—Mrs. M. F. Butts.

ARROGANCE.—When Diogenes came to Olympia and perceived some Rhodian youths dressed with great splendor and magnificence, he said with a smile of contempt, "This is all arrogance." Afterward some Lacedemonians came in his way, as mean and as sordid in their attire as the dress of the others was rich. "This," said he, "is also arrogance."—*Ælian.*

THE SPUR OF MONMOUTH.

SHADOWS OF 1780.

In speaking of the *Mischianza* as nearly concluding the British occupation of Philadelphia, necessarily a considerable advance has been made, in point of time, beyond that so far reached in the regular course of this chronicle, which does not extend further than the middle of January, 1778. Two reasons have induced the introduction of that special festivity, in the paragraphs lately preceding—the desire to restore the atmosphere of the time, as nearly as possible, in dealing with men who took such leading part in it, and the necessity of relating, with reference to the *Mischianza* itself, certain circumstances now almost or quite forgotten, and yet of so startling a character that they deserve to be retained vividly in recollection. It is quite possible, too, that the relation is inevitable, as due to the truth of history, and perhaps capable of correcting an impression which would seem to be erroneous as sensational.

Intimations that the fate of Major Andre, one of the chief actors in the *Mischianza*, in the Arnold treason of 1780, had been foretold to him, long in advance of that period, through instrumentalities unexplainable if not supernatural—these have not been wanting, at different times during the century gone by since the falling of his doom. But it is only truth to say that they have generally been disregarded, if not ridiculed—the theory of "coming events" casting "shadows before" in the shape of prophetic visions more or less misty, being held untenable by the world of stern reasoners. How much of intrinsic truth, meanwhile, may lie in the idea, is one of those questions which the hard reasoners will not settle, during the whole progress of terrestrial time, to the satisfaction of all others than themselves. And something more than a vague impression may exist, in the minds of those made aware of the allegations connected with the career of the unfortunate Swiss-Briton, and who do not discredit the plainly recorded word of Holy Writ as to spectral possibilities existing in the far past,—

that he may have been among those whose fatal fortunes so darkly clouded the curtain of the future, that even finite eyes could see some glimmer of the awful truth casting the dark shadow.

Ay, possibly they may go a step further, and believe that such a reversal of the ordinary laws of nature governing the human senses, took place more than once, in the course of a career elsewhere considered to have been alike exceptionally brilliant, moderate opportunities considered, and exceptionally unfortunate in the light of successes once won and favoritisms once so firmly established.

In an English magazine of distinguished though ephemeral celebrity, bearing date some quarter of a century since, was given a relation of an event said to have occurred at the residence of a friend of Miss Anna Seward, a minor poetess, daughter of a clergyman at Lichfield, in England, and cousin to that Honora Sneyd to whom Andre had held so tender an early attachment, previous to her marriage to

Richard Lovell Edgeworth, of Edgeworthstown, in Ireland, father of Maria Edgeworth, the novelist.

According to that relation, Major Andre, on the point of departure for his post with the army in America, made a visit, by arrangement, to the home of Miss Seward (where, by the way, he had years before met and become enamored of Honora Sneyd), to see the wonders of the Peak of Derbyshire, and to be introduced, at the home of the latter, to one Newton, whom she playfully designated as "her minstrel," and to one Cunningham, a curate, and also a minor poet. The two gentlemen, waiting the arrival of their guests (according to the legend), fell into conversation, shaped by the abstraction of the curate, and in which he stated that during the previous night he had dreamed two dreams of some person unknown to him, bearing a most tragic significance if any weight could be attached to them. In the first, he had found himself in a forest, altogether unknown to him, seen the unrecognized person, a horseman, riding down one of the roads toward him, at speed,—then stopped by three men, who searched his person with every evidence of hostile intention, and led him away captive to what impressed the dreamer as his probable death. Awoke by the agitation of the dramatic and dismal event, he had fallen asleep and dreamed again, to see the same captive pacing a scaffold, and many thousands of people with upturned faces, in the neighborhood of some great but unrecognized city—then to see the executioner perform his ghostly office, and the rider and captive of the wood hanged outright! Still following the relation of the magazine—this strange story had scarcely been told by the curate Cunningham to Newton, and the wondering but incredulous shudders over it duly indulged, when Miss Seward arrived with her companion, and the blind wonder of the curate and his auditor was changed into a shuddering horror beyond the power of expression, at the discovery that the horseman, the captive, and the victim of the gallows-tree, bore the face, figure and whole conformation of the departing young soldier, John Andre, before that time never seen by the curate!

This narration in the English magazine, it is necessary to remember, was given to the world only some five-and-twenty years ago, when the leaves on which had been recorded the much more startling omens of the night of the Mischianza were yellow and almost crumbling with age. Had some eye, undreamed of by the possessor of those leaves, looked over them at some point of the long period of nearly three-quarters of a century?—and had the unsuspected discoverer of what was believed altogether hidden, entirely changed the locality of the spectral warning, widely varied the circumstances, and, thus altered, given the singular omen to the world? Or must we believe that twice, in the career of a man no more distinguished than John Andre, the powers of the invisible realm had taken note of his strange, sad fortunes, and manifested the truth that was to be, in their fatal earthly ending, to the sleeping and waking brains of persons otherwise entirely indifferent to those fortunes? With a thousand other problems belonging to that world of shadows which has so large a percentage of skeptics, but so firm a clientele of believers, this question will probably always continue unanswered: it only remains to record what the most truthful of human lips have given us as occurring on the night of the Mischianza, bearing upon this most solemn and wondrous possibility of the supernatural. Only a trifle modernized, and changed in no important particular, the words are those of him through whom, so to speak, the unexplainable mystery passed—words written down from his own lips, half a century since, on that very paper long ago so yellow and half illegible, before the narrator went away to die in that homeland which had always held his most ardent devotion.

"It must have been nearly four o'clock in the morning, on that occasion of almost crazy splendor that I have never yet seen equaled," said the venerable narrator of this most remarkable episode of the Mischianza, "when I grew tired of dancing—something that did not come very early to us young bloods in that day, you may be sure!—and went into one

of the side-rooms leading off from that grand hall all hung with flags and festooned with flowers, that seemed to have no end of itself, and made twice as long by what must have been half the mirrors in Philadelphia. I was thirsty, I was a trifle hungry, and more than a trifle exhausted. Supper had ended hours before; but there were viands, cakes and wine on the long tables of this room, as of nearly a dozen of others. I intended to lounge in one of the chairs for a few minutes, drink a glass of wine and nibble a slice of cake, before returning for the *keras* (last dance), that would carry us well on to broad daylight, that late in the spring, when the days had already lengthened so materially.

"In that room, at the time, there happened to be no servants; as scarcely any one was to be expected, needing service. The lights were down a little, too, I think, or they may have been merely burning low at that late hour. I poured a glass of Madeira from the nearest decanter, took a slice of half-crumbled cake from a basket, and a bit of meat from a partially emptied plate, and dropped into a chair very near the table, to rest me while I ate and drank. The distance to the ball-room was considerable, but no door was shut between, and the music and the sound of the dancers' shuffling feet came in almost as plainly as if they had been but a few feet away. I mention this circumstance to show that I was in no specially quiet or retired place, fitted for grave thought and ghostly contemplation, out of which may grow, I suppose, anything that one will. Meanwhile, if the tread of feet was not musical, it kept a sort of time to the music, which was doubly pleasant at that distance; and I remember thinking that I was honored, like his Majesty, with melody to aid my digestion. I mention this again, to show that I have a very acute and perfect recollection of everything around me at the moment—something that it may be as well to keep in mind all the while.

"Well, my eatables were nearly finished, and my glass of Madeira nearly enough so to make me think of the necessity of getting up to pour another—when a light step came down the passage-way and approached the table. I looked up, and saw that the new-comer was Captain Andre, who certainly had a right to eat and drink on that night, if any one, as much of the arrangement, of the day as well as the night, I understood, was of his devising, and much of the drawing, and some of the painting and hanging, they said, had been done by his own hands. Rare skillful hands they were, as all of us knew who had had any share in the entertainments of that winter; and a rare man he was, altogether, in a queer way that often puzzled people, but generally pleased them, I think.

"Andre was not handsome. He was bright-looking, however, and that goes for quite as much. His eye was often a little sleepy, and he looked down too habitually. He was rather short than tall, but well shaped; and his purple velvet and white satin displayed his figure to good advantage. Then his face, ordinarily a trifle sallow, was flushed by dancing, so that if not handsome he looked almost so, for the time—very bright, and remarkably well in place in any such blending of light, color and music.

"I remember that I rose from my chair and bowed, as I recognized him. Nowadays, such an amount of ceremony has gone out. Never mind—I doubt if we were any the worse for it. Andre recognized me, and bowed in return. Then he saw my half-empty glass, took it from my hand, with another of those bows which had never been made in our stiff old England, refilled and handed it back to me, filled another for himself, and dropped into a chair within three or four feet of me, evidently to do what I had been doing—to rest and refresh himself.

"I have already said that there were plenty of mirrors in use that night. There were not less than three in that room, and I suppose the other retiring-rooms had quite as many. Behind Captain Andre, as he sat, there was one very large pier-glass, set so low that it showed nearly to the floor. This, too, it will be found necessary to remember, in order to understand what followed, if that indeed can be

understood on this side of the river that I am now about to cross before many years—not till I get home, I hope: home in old Hampshire!

"Well—to proceed. We sipped our wine, the two of us, pleasantly and a trifle chattily, for the captain had always a word on occasion, as became his Swiss-French blood—he was no Englishman, really, as you no doubt remember. Then there was an interruption. Steps again came down the passage, and the steps of more than one, with the rustle of silks accompanying. More people tired of dancing, and requiring a glass of wine and a crumb of cake, I remember thinking. A moment, and I saw, as they came out under the light and approached the table, who the new-comers were. A lady and a gentleman. Let me tell you, first, who was the gentleman. Captain Cathcart, son of Lord Cathcart, and himself the earl only a few years later. He had been one of the knights in the tournament, but wandered away from the lady of his devotion, at that late hour, and his round boy-face was all aglow with the pleasure of having danced—how many times I do not know—with one of the most fascinating, if not one of the handsomest, of all the ladies present. And the lady—in *her* personality you will discover something of my reason for telling you this long story, which no other man alive, probably, could tell you, and which you would not lose for a trifle, when you know all. Well, the lady was Margaret Shippen, whom you have learned to curse—I do not say that you have not had something of a right to do so—as Margaret Arnold.

"Tall, stately and proud-looking, the lady who was to marry, only a year later, Benedict Arnold, whom you execrate, and whom those who are not of your way of thinking do not over-admire. She had a profusion of blonde hair, and wore it, as they used to say, all over her head—fluffed, so to speak, and generally without any powder, when nearly every one else wore it. She was remarkable, too, for never wearing a patch, when patches were universal. She had fine eyes—or would have had fine eyes, had they not been so proud, and at the same time so restless.

"I do not need to tell you that the brief description I have just given you of Miss Shippen was not derived from the sight I had of her at that moment and the few minutes following. No: were I to draw from that, probably the picture might be very different, as you will by and by understand. I had known her for some time, however, as one of the leading belles of Philadelphia, and much better liked and more trusted by the young officers of the army than she might have been had her father not borne the reputation of being privately well affected to the royal cause. I had known her very well, and yet our acquaintance had never gone much beyond the point of merely saluting when we met. In fact, beautiful as she was, and attractive as every one knew her to be, I did not like her—had an indefinable impression that she was heartless as well as haughty—something that I should not admit if I wished my story to be graphic, instead of making it strictly correct,—as it may throw some suspicion upon the clearness of my physical and mental eyesight during the few moments that followed.

"You will know, without telling, that Andre rose again from his chair as the lady and her escort entered the room and approached the table. He was well understood, in the city, to have been in love with her—possibly to be so still—at least as much in love as a man could be, who had left the best of his heart in England, as everybody said that he had done. I was very sure that, if he had been so attracted by her, and met with small encouragement (as everybody said, too), he had not been entirely cured of his fancy; for I certainly saw his cheek flush a little additionally as she entered; and there is no doubt that after-events showed the continuance of a certain intimacy which may have had a lingering love, on one side, at the bottom. Her proud face did not flush at all—I am quite as sure of that as of the other. She merely returned his salute, as did her companion; and as Andre reseated himself, the two late-comers drew to the edge of the table, still standing, and Captain Cathcart poured a glass of wine for the lady, and

another for himself, and the two trifled with some morsels of food.

"My attention was drawn off from the three, for a moment, by a change in the music; and when I again observed them, after that very short space of time, that had taken place which leads to this whole story, and that which I can not describe to you, after all these years, without the blood running colder in my old veins than it has any right to do. What I can not describe to you at all, in fact—what I can only indicate, without the least attempt at drawing you a picture in any satisfactory colors.

"Where I sat, I looked across Captain Andre, in his chair, into the large mirror that I have before spoken of, at his back. A little in front, and at one side of him, as I turned, Captain Cathcart and his lady companion were standing, each with a glass of wine in hand, and occasionally sipping. Andre had resumed his glass, and was holding it in his hand, speaking at the moment to Captain Cathcart. This was what I saw and heard, as I turned my attention back from the passage-way and the distant music. But, the moment after, I fancied that I had gone mad, for I saw in the mirror something so different, that neither the mind could quite take it in nor words describe it. I must try, however, as I have only a few times tried to do in all the years since then.

"Looking across Andre and into the glass, I will swear that I saw Captain Cathcart, as plainly and in his own person, as ever I saw any one in my life. He had a glass of wine in his hand, as I have already said. But where was Margaret Shippen? Disappeared, as completely as if she had sunken through the floor, unless that was she, whose very sight sent a cold shiver down my back and froze up my tongue so that I could not have spoken if my life depended on my doing so!

"Where she had stood the moment before, stood a hag—wrinkled without being old, with tall, shrunken form, discolored skin, and blazing eyes that seemed to be devouring the man in the chair. Her hands were unearthly long and skinny, with nails that seemed claws. One of those hands held a glass, large as ten glasses should have been; and in that glass was a liquor so clotted and red that it could have been nothing else than blood. The other, with the long claws extended as if in the act of gripping a prey, was reached over toward Andre, almost touching him.

"Heaven and earth!—was ever such a sight presented to the eyes of a mere mortal, without one instant of warning? My head reeled as I tried to brush the horrible vision from my eyes with my hand, then looked again, and still saw it as before. Remember that I only saw this *in the glass*, to which my eyes were fascinated, and that I did not, at this time, or during the vision, see Margaret Shippen herself, only her reflection. I saw Captain Andre, and saw that he did not appear to realize anything startling or remarkable, but that, in some way out of my power to describe, his fair and ruddy complexion had grown cadaverous and deadly, with a kind of lurid flush in the skin, as if some ghastly light might be playing on his face.

"How long this lasted, I have no idea whatever. It seemed to me to be hours, during which I saw that fearful hag in the glass, realized that she was gripping for the young officer, and that she might have his blood in the goblet in her hand. Then, altogether exhausted, and without the power to look longer, I fell back in my chair, apparently not attracting any attention from the others, my eyes closed to all the outer world, and my brain supplying sights that I would almost have given my life to avoid. I saw a figure that I knew to be that of Andre, in a wood, with several persons surrounding him, one boot from his bared foot in the hands of what seemed the leader of the others, and a search of his person evidently going on, while he clasped his hands in a pitiful way and begged to be allowed to go forward. Then I saw the same figure with the arms pinioned, and the face defiant and pale—in a room, alone, a light on a table and the hand of a clock pointing to the figure six. Then I saw a rude scaffolding of planks, with

soldiers in the Continental uniform around, and the figure of Andre, with the hands still pinioned, assisted up a ladder by one also in uniform, who held a long rope, and may have been the hangman.

"Up to this, the visions of my shut eyes, unaccountable and terrible as they may have been, seemed less frightful than the sight I had last seen while they were open. But here, when I saw the hangman with his cord, the latter seemed more awful than that preceding, and I struggled to regain my sight. With a violent effort I succeeded in opening my eyes, hoping that the fantasy which had blinded them might be gone. But as I looked, still that figure in the glass, except that it had thrown itself further forward, with a hideous leer upon the face, and the one clawed hand was in the act of grasping Captain Andre by the throat.

"Then I lost consciousness and fell from my chair, with a cry that rung out to the ball-room, as I was told afterward. Some of the guests and some of the servants rushed in, picked me up, under the impression that I had fainted, and bore me to a couch, where I regained my senses an hour or two later, with the aid of a physician present. Thank God, none of the three persons involved in that terrible vision were within sight when I recovered: it might have cost me life or reason, had they been visible. I was taken home in the gray of the morning; and so ended my experience of the *Mischianza*.

"Did I speak of this to any one at the time? The question is a natural one, and easily answered. To no one—not even to the lady who was my promised wife—*then*. A year later, when Margaret Shippen married Benedict Arnold, and I was myself the husband of her who sleeps this many years under the snows of Canada,—I did speak of it, and my wife told me many things to prove that there had really been a genuine attachment to the lady on the part of Captain Andre, then major, on the staff of Sir Henry Clinton. She believed that Andre would be much grieved, possibly heart-broken, on learning of the marriage; but I never heard that he seemed so. Two years after, when occurred what you call 'Arnold's treason,' and when it became known that much of the intercourse between Andre and Arnold had been carried on through the agency of Mrs. Arnold—then, you may be sure, my poor wife and myself talked it all over, with many a wonder and many a shudder. Perhaps we found less difficulty in believing, then, than on the night of that festival, in the side-room, I did really see a spectral warning, sent to the young officer, but unseen or disregarded by him, of the effect on his life and fate to be produced through the agency of Margaret Shippen. Poor fellow!—and poor woman as well; for whatever may have been her share in driving her husband to his dangerous courses, through extravagance and hatred to the patriot cause, be sure that she suffered enough, after the treason and in the situation in which she was left by it, to repay all that she had ever done to the injury of lover or husband.

"Wine or brandy—did you ask? Brandy, by all means, for it warms the blood in my old veins best; and, besides, after telling you the story that I have told, I should think for the moment that the wine in the glass was some of the same blood that I saw in the great goblet of the hag, more than fifty years ago, in the late night of Sir William Howe's farewell to Philadelphia."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"A LAST GREETING."

Among the painters of the Munich school, who have completely acquired Piloty's brilliant manner, Gabriel Max takes one of the first positions. He created the touching scene of the blind girl who holds the lamps for her fellow-believers to descend into the secret catacombs; Julia Capulet, the poor motherless child, carried by a nun: the broken widow, who was obliged to look on at the auction of her distrained property; and many other notable representations. The picture reproduced in the present number has attracted much attention. A maiden, scarcely arrived

at the age of womanhood, has been cast into the arena in pagan Rome, to be butchered by the beasts for the delectation of the voluptuously cruel Roman mob. Leaning against the stones of the impenetrable ring, she once more looks up and seeks after the hand from which has fallen the beautiful flower lying at her feet. Only a few moments more, and she will lie there just as brokenly.

The artist could not have more forcibly depicted the terrible reality. He reminds us of the portraiture given by those miraculously saved from some deadly peril, of what they supposed were their last moments. In the condition of entire hopelessness they saw accidental items in their vicinity, with a distinctness not possessed by one in actual progressive life. So the victim here tottering toward certain death may many a time have carelessly trodden over flowers upon her path; and now the rose appears to her a most important object. This explanation, derived from the province of psychology, will be seen alike to remand the dangerous praise of enthusiastic admirers and the blame of carping critics, into proper limits. Both proceed from the supposition that Gabriel Max wished to charm the beholder, not merely by the realistically unsurpassable representation of a supreme moment of agony in life, but additionally to convey the sudden and sorrowful meditation on the question, from whom the rose might have come. The condemned girl is presumed to be about to undergo martyrdom for her Christianity, and an unknown fellow-believer to have thrown in to her, with the rose, consolation and the promise that what can be saved of her remains are destined for an object of worship in a holy place. From this a painted previous history of the consecrated rose is inferable. If Gabriel Max intended such a representation, criticism would remind him of the law in art by which the explanation of a painting must not be outside the frame, and of the warnings of the fathers of the church against Christians visiting the circus; or a *blasé* turn of mind might even perceive in the condemned a child-murderess liable to the Pompeian law, on whom her lover lavishes one more token of affection.

No; the artist has in nowise strayed so far as the frontier of the rebus, and his picture is of the highest psychological refinement. Half a child, beyond the pale of hope, she describes the rose lying at her feet. Has it fallen from a wreath of flowers? Indeed, far up in the blue sky, a great net of garlands of foliage and flowers is indicated—overarching the circus. Or has one of the merciless spectators, gloating above, thrown it down to the victim in a scornful feeling of personal security? And if so, who has been the giver? One sees that she so thinks and inquires. But the beast of prey creeping up will soon break not alone this erroneous thought, but the whole current of life and sensation—let us hope and believe, to change the tortured mortal to the free and indestructible immortal—the dim and terrible arena to the realm of light and glory.

"OF NOBLE BIRTH."

This picture is from a painting by Teschendorff, one of the most conspicuous names in the list of eminent German painters. Originally from Saxony, he long painted in Leipsic. He then went to Italy, and the influence of that sunny land has warmed and enlivened the more formal accuracy of his German school. In the portrait we reproduce he furnishes a good example of his skill. There is much in the strength of light and shade that will suggest Rembrandt; but Teschendorff is himself a master, and his handling of his subjects proves that he can appreciate soul and thought as well as mere form and color. The face of the young woman displays all the pride and accumulated refinement of a long line of cultivated ancestors:

Prate as we will of man's equality
In birth and life—true democratic faith
That every man the peer of all must be,
And pure descent a mere and misty wraith—
All said and done, there *is* a signet proud
Set on the brows of nature's kings and queens,
Whose story, whispered low or uttered loud,
The world will credit, as the Maker means.

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THE ROCK-ROVERS' LAND. — THOMAS MORAN.

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BEAUTY IN TERRA COTTA.

THE use of terra cotta, for modeling into various forms of beauty approaching the high art of sculpture, and when finished only less valuable than the chiseled marble or the laboriously founded bronze,—is far too little understood in America; although in some quarters the neglect seems to be appreciated, and from some of the young terra-cotta laboratories there will no doubt be exhibited at Philadelphia, specimens of great beauty and of no inconsiderable value. Meanwhile, in Europe, the art of moulding in terra cotta has long been a subject of pride, and the works produced have called forth the applause of many of the highest critics in the world of art. At the Paris Exposition of 1867, the works in this clay quite divided attention with the admirable bronzes; and at the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, a still higher advance was shown in the work. We present, herewith, a very fine representation of a flower-stand which attracted much attention at Vienna—the modeling done by the celebrated Austrian artist in that material, Von Richter, after a design by Professor Valentine Teirich, who certainly, in the conception, showed not only his own fine artistic taste and judgment, but who also displayed an excellent knowledge of the capabilities of the material to be employed—no slight object in designing works in more or less flexible substances, as many of those laboring after these designs have frequent and not always pleasant occasion to understand.

A BEAR HUNT.

MOST of those who only know the eastern edge of the Catskill Mountains, through having spent a few hours or a few days at the Mountain House or the Laurel, during the boarding-season of some fashionable summer, with their excursions extended, at furthest, to the lake, the Kauterskill Falls, or that portion of the Clove which can be reached in an hour's ride—most of those, we say, will be disposed to look upon the idea of bear-hunting in the Catskills (of which our graphic picture, "A Bear Hunt," presents so forcible an illustration) as one of the most pronounced of jokes, very little removed from the droll Munchausenism of that genius who made so assured a sensation by describing his whaling-voyage on the Erie Canal! Many others, meanwhile, who

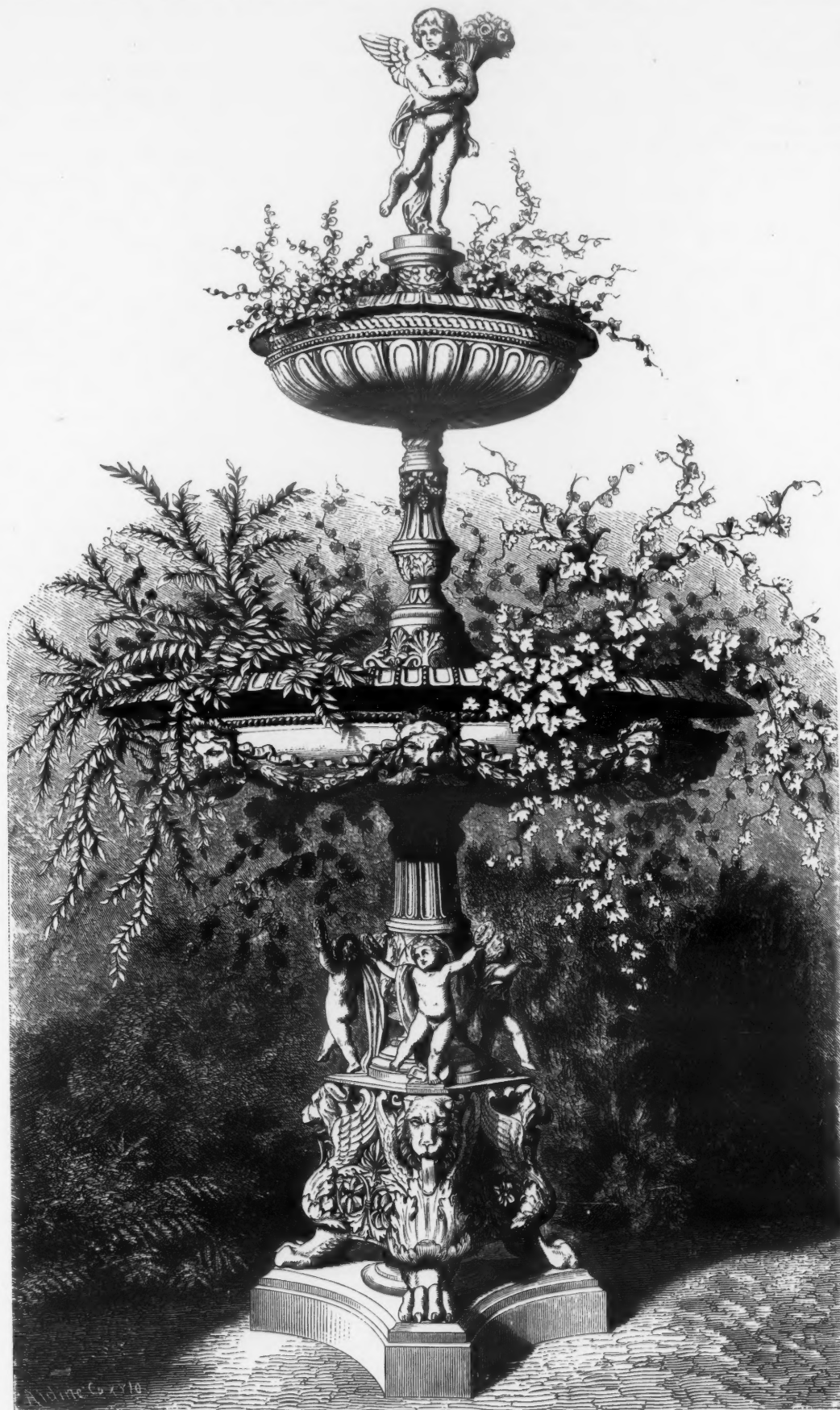
have either known the Catskills in earlier days, when not so much overrun by summer visitors or tourists as at the present time,—or who have, even of late years, explored the wilder and more solitary portions of the range, climbing the North Mountain, the Round Top, the High Peak, and others, and "doing" the

ern part of the range, enables him at once to speak and draw with fidelity, in connection with the subject, is Mr. John S. Davis, the artist now becoming so well known to THE ALDINE art lovers, and to whom we are indebted for the picture referred to. Some of the *dilettanti* will probably take exception to

Mr. Davis's picture, as lacking in that delicacy and refinement considered necessary by those who "die of a rose, in aromatic pain;" but let one of these take a turn at the particular sport under notice, in snow and slush, 'over fallen trees and through briars, with Bruin equally fugitive and dangerous, and the labor enough to discourage any one not imbued with the peculiar spirit of the sportsman,—then the opinions of these delicate people may change, alike with reference to the sport and the picture illustrating it. They may even be able to cry, fancying Davis himself at one time astride of the log and harking on his hounds, and later engaged in portraying the exciting details of the pursuit: "Well done, old fellow!—artist and sportsman are alike up to the requirements of the position!"

By the way, and *apropos* of this whole subject—there are bears, sometimes, even in summer, much nearer to that populous haunt, the Mountain House, than many would be disposed to believe; and much merriment and a little anxiety were excited there, not many summers ago, by the adventures of a couple of lovers who had been indulging in moonlight and the South Mountain, in connection. According to the story which both told on their hurried return to the house, they had seen a dark and bulky figure creeping stealthily toward them, at no great distance, from a clump of thick trees and brushwood; and according to the continued relation (in which both again agreed), the lover had started, on first impulse, to run away from his

lady-love and leave her as a meal for the dusky intruder,—followed by his recollecting himself, drawing his formidable weapon, a pen-knife of two-inch blade, and making for the object of momentary terror. All this followed and concluded, by Bruin, probably quite as much terrified as either of his supposable victims, wheeling and taking again to the thicket—driven away, as the lover would have it, and the lady and others tried to believe, by the flash of the moonlight on the deadly blade threatening his weasand.



TERRA-COTTA FLOWER-STAND. — DESIGNED BY PROF. VALENTINE TEIRICH.

more difficult regions around Big Indian Station—entirely beyond the range of fashion and flirtation—these others may form a very different opinion as to there really being beasts worthy of the hunter's skill and his ready rifle, in a mountain range no further away from the metropolis than what the Frenchman called "*Les Montagnes de Tuer les Chats*" ("The Mountains of Kill-the-Cats"). And among those whose earlier experience with dogs and rifle, amid the fallen timber and the thorny thickets of the west-

THE KNIGHTLY MIRROR.

His gallant steed is standing near,
Caparisoned and gay,
For soon the knight will ride afar
From Lady Blanche away.

The glittering armor of the time
Is girt about his form;
But underneath the chilling steel,
A true heart pulses warm.

The Lady Blanche is fair and lithe,
In softest silk arrayed;
While floating folds of golden hair
Make warmth about the maid.

Diviner meed she seems to him
Than guerdon best of fame;
And poems written o'er his face
The sweet belief proclaim.

He marks her blue eyes' rhythmic gleam,
As hand grows warm in hand,
And thrills to see her mantling cheek;
He does not understand

That 'tis another flame than love's,
The Lady Blanche inspires,
To wear the blushing counterfeit
Of love's ennobling fires—

That while he bends before her, mute,
His polished steel returns
A flattering image of the form
For which his bosom burns;

And that herself reflected there,
Fills all the maiden's breast,
Nor leaves one rift of tender space
For Love to build his nest!

Yet not alone in olden days
Of glazen shields and casques,
Has vanity assumed the light
Of love, in which it basks.

'Tis sorry truth—too often true—
The mirror in the breast,
That bravest lovers boldly show,
Their faith to manifest,

Reveals to maids like Lady Blanche
The only charms they prize,
And kindles to illusive glow,
Breast, finger-tips, and eyes!

Ah, self-admiring beauty yet
Demands its burnished glass;
And noblest knights most often wear
A crystal-bright cuirass! — Mary B. Dodge.

ART IN BOSTON. — II.

THERE have been a number of exhibitions in Boston during the season, some closing with a sale, and others not. As a general thing, they have not averaged very well, though there have been individual pictures of much merit, and in one collection at least the good subjects were in a respectable majority. This was the sale composed of works by William M. Hunt and his coterie. And by this word I do not mean those who paint as Mr. Hunt does, but those who believe in him from an inherent view of nature and nature's reproduction similar to his own, which realizes something beyond and above copying, but which nevertheless revolves about the same orbit of art culture and insight. Not one of the four associated with Mr. Hunt, paints as he does, in scarcely a single particular; and yet the works of the whole harmonize wonderfully in conception and object, while traversing the entire scale in tone and expression. In general, Mr. Hunt sounds the deep tones; Frank Hill Smith the high, clear ones; and the other three the intermediate ones; though Mr. Smith now and then gives us a picture full of a richness and depth only lent by a voice giving utterance to nature's song in a strong tenor. S. S. Tuckerman perhaps divides with Mr. Smith oftener than the others, the expression, by clear, ringing notes. Mr. Hunt's method is simple; his execution studied beforehand; consequently his effects are natural and generally pleasing. *Dilettanti*, superficial observers of the fine arts, call him careless, and yet there is probably no more care-

ful artist in Boston, in his way. He is a radical, and radicals are seldom understood or appreciated. Less than a fortnight ago I was told that he had done more harm than any other artist in Boston. I hold, on the contrary, though I frankly say I do not always like Mr. Hunt's pictures, that I think he has done more good than any other artist, because he has broken barriers of prejudice and custom and mannerism, and led artists and patrons of art to think. It is thought we want; growth follows thought. Then we have something tangible. Thomas Robinson and Marcus Waterman are the other two composing this coterie of five. Mr. Robinson represents the breadth of art, though not always its refinement. He sometimes sacrifices drawing, to secure a massiveness that he makes very impressive. His color is never lively, though strong and full of expression. His sunlight is generally of the October sort, and seems always at home lying lazily on the hillside that he studies to good advantage, oftenest, maybe, in Rhode Island. Mr. Waterman's studies are often in the same localities, and are generally a trifle warmer in tint and fuller in color. Mr. Smith is best known for his intense Venetian studies of tone, the sober grays and browns of Brittany, and the sombre richness of color manifested in studies of interiors where light and shade are massed rather than dallied with. These men are a power in Boston art circles, and are growing more and more in favor constantly. They are the most unassuming and unpretending of men; but as artists, their assumption and egotism are most audacious and strong, as indeed they should be in this age in which nothing is considered of much worth unless pronounced and aggressive. The exhibition by these artists culminated in a sale about the middle of December, which has been the only successful one of the season.

An exhibition by Boston artists opened about the time this closed, and remained open till Christmas. It was very democratic, and consequently the result may be imagined. There were a score or more of good pictures, which it would require too much space to enumerate; but the remaining fourscore were miscellaneous. No test was applied, except the ability to contribute a small entrance fee to pay expenses; and as a consequence, pictures were hung by artists who probably never before had the *entrée* of a reputable gallery. Some of our average artists were also not represented creditably to themselves.

Knowledge is the true touchstone of success in art. Yet how many ignore the fact, and follow their inclination blindly and trust to inspiration! An amusing example of this sort has recently transpired here. An artist who has something of a local reputation, but whose valor in attempting subjects about which he has little knowledge is only equaled by the famous bull that came to grief through attacking the locomotive, has been exhibiting a picture that has put the whole art community on a broad grin. He thinks American landscape painting will be futile till the religious or allegorical shall lend an aim and a distinct purpose not now possessed by it. A few years ago he painted, among other similar trashy subjects, one picture which he called "Over the River," designed to represent the land to which we are all journeying. The foreground was very natural, as it should be; but so was the river, and so were the hills and valleys appearing beyond in strong sunlight—but sunlight very earthlike, and not rendered more heavenly by a building looking something like a mosque. I think the artist never forgave me for suggesting that he call it "An Asiatic Landscape," "A View near Constantinople," or something of that sort, when its success would be pretty nigh assured. His latest attempt has been to illustrate "Kit Carson's Ride," as told by Joaquin Miller. The hero (?) of the poem, and the heroine as well (it always struck me that the Indian woman was both hero and heroine, however), are represented entirely naked, sitting on their horses, while in the distance appears the smoke and light of a pretty little bonfire. I speak of this picture, and tell this story, to illustrate a principle that should underlie all art effort,—that of thorough knowledge. Last spring, when this picture was on the easel, he

asked me to look at it. The foreground was flat and uninteresting, and I asked him why he did not break it up and introduce variety, and give it a sweep of grass that would be effective. His grass was less than a foot in height. He said he desired to keep as near to the truth as possible, and asked if it would do to break up the foreground. "Why," said I, "did you ever see a level prairie?" His reply was, "I never saw a prairie." The idea of a man who had never seen a prairie attempting to paint that grandest, most wonderful and most terrific thing in nature outside the domain of Neptune—a prairie on fire! I told him I had spent a good many years in the West, and a level prairie west of Indiana was a novelty. But this was not all. The artist was fearful of offending people's modesty by showing two nude figures in a glare of light, and proposed to partially hide the woman at least by a sweeping cloud of smoke, and by putting a pair of leggings on her! And at that moment I discovered a pair hanging over a chair at the other side of the room. "You are not painting those?" I said. "Those are not the kind the Indians wear." "I know it," he said. "Those are the ones I wore in the Swiss Alps; but I thought I could get an idea from them!" Is it a wonder that art has its limitations, and that they are often very narrow indeed, when such examples as this are of frequent occurrence? Imagine what a mighty picture a thorough artist could make of this subject! But he would not hide the figures in smoke. How they would gleam and start out from the canvas! And how the immensity of the prairie, and the grandeur of its struggle with the devouring element, would be represented! But the artist must have first seen a prairie on fire, and have been familiar enough with Indians to know their color, and to know the difference between their leggings and those of Alpine tourists. If we can not have a Doré, let us have a Ruskin.

A fine thing in sculpture has just been issued by Doll & Richards, being a reproduction in statuette size of Daniel C. French's "Minute-Man," placed in position at Concord last April. It is one of the strongest, most spirited pieces of work ever made by so young an artist. Mr. French is at present studying with Thomas Ball in Italy.

J. D. Perry, who should have had the commission for the Sumner memorial, according to the merits of the models exhibited, has been busy for some weeks on one of the figures for the base of the Plymouth Monument. It is the figure of Morality, and of course presents rather a vague idea to give in stone. But Mr. Perry is producing an impressive figure, though it is yet far from completed. He will send it to the Centennial. Among the portrait busts lately done by him is one of Andrew T. Hall, the well-known banker of this city, lately deceased, and father of Mrs. Munroe, wife of the Paris banker. His work is marked by much strength as well as by extreme delicacy of conception and nicety of touch. —Jarvis Marmor.

MR. OAKLEY HALL, AND "CRUCIBLE."

A PERFORMANCE commenced at the New York Park Theatre at near the close of December, and ended three weeks later, necessarily exciting much comment at its commencement, during its continuance, and at its conclusion, principally on account of the personality of one of the leading characters, reputed to have abandoned a leading position at the bar on account of his health, but well known to have long entertained such an affection for the stage and for dramatic literature, as to make this special change in profession less remarkable than it would otherwise have been. Appearing so suddenly, and disappearing with corresponding suddenness, the inevitable amount of comment has been doubled by the double event; and there are no small number of the public ready to believe that his brief campaign as a professional actor has been the most stupendous joke of a life very full of wit and merriment. That he was upon the stage for that limited period, enduring the draughts from the flies and subject to the tyranny of the call-boy, many of us know from personal observation; that he has left the stage and gone back to his old profession,

malgré the doctors, his farewell speech may be considered as giving evidence, however much some of us may be disposed to doubt its being conclusive on the point. Under such circumstances, and necessarily late in speaking at all, THE ALDINE might well be justified in giving this peculiar play and its performance the go-by, but that as part of the current history of the time, the whole affair literally forces itself upon the notice of the dramatic chronicler, while justice to one so well known in a widely different walk demands that he should by no means be ignored, even in what may have been a vagary.

That "Crucible" (or "The Crucible," as it should properly have been called) was expected to hold place at that house for a much longer period than it really remained, there can be no question whatever, the circumstances and the tone of the preliminary announcements both being taken into consideration. A success of a certain sort it has certainly been (the Distinguished Unsuccessful Dramatist would be very proud to have any one of his plays performed the same number of nights in succession!); but quite as certainly it has been a comparative failure, all the personalities, machinery and surroundings being reckoned. How much, then, of the success or the failure has been due to the personalities, and especially to the one personality made the most notable?—and how much to the inherent virtues or defects of the play itself? So much may be recorded, as matter of history, and without any forecast of the possible future of either the distinguished and able novice or the medium through which he has appeared.

If there is even truth in the old adage of "too many cooks spoiling the broth," it is quite positive that "Crucible" has not been prevented being a very presentable drama, through the boasted "collaboration" that might so easily have ruined it. It has a few warts and excrescences—the character and action of *Stevy*, the dumb boy, being the principal blemish in this direction, without sufficient purpose or influence; while old *Trotty Newcombe*, with his beer-mug, could be spared to only less advantage, and the wife of *Taffey* is equally feeble and out of place. These removed, all the other characters have their *raison d'être*, and assist the action of the story without impeding it. Taking London as the scene (such things could not well occur on this side of the Atlantic, in their special details), the action of the piece has much propriety, and more than the average of reasonableness. It is really possible that most of the occurrences of the first act, in *Pensleigh's* office—the robbery, the reason for *Eve Pensleigh* allowing it, the supposed detection and its immediate results, might have taken place in the very world in which we live. The scenes of the second act, at *Kierton's* villa, on the Thames, are thoroughly natural and well-conceived; and one action involved—that of *Frank Rodney* demanding back the engagement ring to apply it to another purpose, may be noted as one of the happiest thoughts in the modern drama. Some admirable satire, as well as a thorough knowledge of legal points and probabilities (very natural, here), are displayed in the corridor scenes at the Old Bailey; while a whole column of thanks is due to the dramatist who dared for once to avoid the melancholy farce of conducting a trial on the stage. Not less may be said of the scenes in the jury-room—very farcical, no doubt, but admirably managed, and only a trifle high in coloring as representing the broadly comic doings to which jury-rooms are no strangers—of course only at the distance away of England and the Old Bailey. Of the action in the closing act, less can be said than of the others, with any approach to propriety—the fact being presumable that neither writer nor readers can have any accurate general knowledge of the daily doings within "quod," either on the banks of the Thames or elsewhere. The opportunities therein for the display of character and opinion on the part of the leading personage, are excellent, and, in the main, they are well embraced; while the working out of the *denouement*, in the repentance of *Eve Pensleigh*, and the general sifting of the trial elements, shocks the sense of congruity much less than most dramas involving the freeing from criminal

servitude of one unjustly accused. In this closing act, too, the farcical element is made to chime in very prettily with the main action of the play, in the hiding of *Craft* in the sentry-box, to have him fastened in and gayed by the dumb boy, and to keep him within reach of arrest when wanted. Probably her Majesty's government is not treated too respectfully, in making *Knoutley*, the warden, a bribe-taker and cruel sneak, in the face of the fact that such men are usually pitiful, even when dishonest; but possibly the constructors of this drama have had better opportunities for knowing the average fact than the mere writer can assume to possess. Taken all in all, it may be said that "Crucible" is an effective and interesting play, of the prison-drama order, with very little of the melodramatic, and far more than the ordinary preservation of the proprieties and likelihoods. It should certainly be a play to keep the stage, with some changes that have been more than hinted at in the course of this hasty notice of its quality.

That "Crucible" had its origin in the intention of Mr. Oakey Hall to take the stage, and that it sprang very materially from his hand (as understood), combined to make him the central figure around whom moved the whole action as well as the vitality of the play. And it must be said, in a word, that he did not vitalize it. Half-a-dozen actors will suggest themselves to the mind of the old play-goer, in the hands of any one of whom *Wilmot Kierton* would have been literally immense and electric, while that electric cord seemed to be almost wholly wanting as between Mr. Oakey Hall and his audiences. Was he wise in assuming the double burthen of attempting to create a character, with no patterns and no traditions to guide it, at the same time that he was creating himself an actor? We think not. We consider him to have been overloaded—double-ridden, so to speak—in the effort. Few great actors, if any, have made themselves without beginning much nearer to the foot of the ladder. Meanwhile, and at the same time in connection, it is very doubtful whether he has not shown immense promise for the future, in the event of his yet electing (as we are by no means positive that he may not do) to follow the profession. In characters allowing or demanding less reticence or more outburst, he might be, and probably would be, wondrously electric. More positive ease and naturalness than he has displayed, throughout the character, would be simply impossible. It is not too sure that he has not sacrificed the play, and to some extent, himself, on the altar of preraphaelism. As the man of business, at first coming on, he was simply perfect; so he was in the scene at his home, or with very slight deterioration. But he failed utterly (partially the fault of the play) in the scene of the first accusation, when any man worth his salt would have knocked down *Craft* before he discovered how his own feet were entangled by the machinations. And in the prison scenes, attempting to display suppressed emotion, it must be said that he literally murdered the emotion thus suppressed, and so failed to create any in his audience. In a word, there is, in our opinion, much more—many times more—of stage-power in Mr. Oakey Hall, than he has allowed himself, and been allowed, to exhibit in this initial effort; and in the future, one of two lines of remark among the play-goers of that time who have also been play-goers in this, is almost inevitable: "What a pity that Oakey Hall, who came so near to making a splendid success at the Park, in 1875-6, did not go on, emancipate himself from the faults inevitable to a novice who would be a creator, and clutch the prize that awaited him, only further off than he thought!" Or: "How little many of us thought, when Oakey Hall made his first appearances, in the winter of 1875-6, and seemed to fail to catch and hold his audiences, that he would go ahead so steadily and win all that he has won!" Let us honestly hope that, the hurried retirement from a hurried appearance reconsidered, and some tendency to orate and much unnatural hardness and stickishness of movement shed away, the undoubted talent and understood love for the stage may then have made their mark, and another powerful

actor been wrought out of the "crucible" of some early mistakes and utopian fancies of dry realism!

Only space remains for a word as to the many other characters in this drama and rendering, as many of us may like to remember them. For this, the bill, rapidly traversed downward, with a few possible elisions. Miss Minnie Doyle's *Hester Kierton*, in the main very girlish, and saucy as herself. Miss Annie Edmondson's *Clemency Newcombe*, a sweet, wild, English rose, as herself. Miss Annie Wakeman's *Eve Pensleigh*, only moderate embracing of moderate and not too pleasing opportunities. Miss Leigh's *Susan*, fair and pleasant—all that the small rôle allowed. Miss Rodamma's *Peggy Taffey*, moderate, in every sense. Miss Marie Louise's *Stevy Newcombe* (the mute), a large amount of very neat pantomimic action, something worse than wasted, because useless and tiresome. Mr. John Dillon's *Silas Craft*, a thoroughly admirable rendering, every point made with almost riotous power, and the character immortalized even if the play should never be. Mr. Cyril Searle's *Lieutenant Rodney, R. N.*, generally pleasing and effective. Mr. Hind's *Reuben Pensleigh*, an excellent senile old man: one of his best, which is saying all. Mr. Padgett's *Trotty*, an excrescence, that should have been excised. Mr. M. C. Daley's *Taffey*, one of that always-excellent actor's vivacious renderings, leaving much to be remembered, nothing to be desired, and almost sharing the honors with Mr. Dillon's *Craft*. Mr. Ferguson's *John Linkford*, correct, while pleasing and forcible, and among the best things that he has done. Mr. Scallan's *Knoutley*, thoroughly well played and appropriate, but without any of those flashes of power that at the old Winter Garden used to promise genius and a great position in the future. Mr. C. T. Parsloe's *Ricketts*, eminently natural, and leading to a wish for more of the character. Mr. Montrose's *Court Tipstaff*, much and pleasingly made out of small materials. Of the still more subordinate characters, it must be said that, in the jury-room and out of it, some of them covered themselves with (their peculiar style of) glory; and of the whole cast, setting and management of the piece, that they were creditable and in many respects excellent, whatever incongruous elements may have been involved and combining to make that end a difficult one, and however wide may be the differences of opinion on this point, some of them already enunciated with the vigor usually accorded to expressions concerning *experiments*.

UNDER THE FROWN.

NAY, are you chill and cold to me, my darling?
Has your love taken wild-birds' wings, and flown?
Or is it but a wearied dove, alone,
That sinks by welcome brook, awhile to lie
And rest and wait until its mate sails by?

And are you really grown so cold, my darling?
Methought that in your eye a shadow came,
And swallowed up its blue of lustrous flame:
A cold, dark shade that hopeless pain endures,
Yet tinged with waiting as my lips touched yours.

And are you grown so cold to me, my darling?
Was it a sigh that passed as soon as born,
But left the sadness of its sound to mourn,
To fall with leaden weight on heart and brain,—
And hush their throb with misery's tightening chain?

And are you grown so cold to me, my darling?
Can I not move your voice to softer tone—
Your heart to quicker beat against my own?
Ay, is it so? Yet have I known no crime
Save loving you too well, *sans* place and time.

And are you thus so cold to me, my darling?
Then is my glad soul sad, my warm heart stilled;
My life is nought, and I, if kind heaven willed,
Like wounded deer would creep away and hide
In some dark place, to heal hurt love and pride.

And are you cold, still cold to me, my darling?
It is so sad to have been loved, and then
To have the warm life-blood flow back again
Unto its source, all cold and dark and dead!
The shadows that have gloomed you, heart and head
Fall on my desolate way so like a pall,
I can not see, but hopeless grope and fall.

—Einna Stjerne Jørgensen.



ON BEAR RIVER, MAINE. — AFTER WILLIAM HART.

"ON BEAR RIVER, MAINE."

AMONG the painters of America, of the present period, there can be no question that William Hart holds one of the first places, and that he will be remembered, in the future, as one who has reflected true honor on the profession, by joining rich and fine effects with careful and laborious manipulation—a union not always found among artists who secure the highest popular appreciation. In a peculiar walk of his own, Mr. Hart has already found many imitators, some of whom go so far beyond him as to trench on the borders of exaggeration, if they do not reach that "debatable land;" while the master-artist continues as he began, and runs no risks as to enduring reputation. We allude especially, of course, to Mr. Hart's employment, in many of his pictures, of rich golden colors,

in the preparation and manipulation of which (though it may be considered high treason in the world of criticism to say so much) he has fully equaled, in many instances, the very best effects of Claude Lorraine, while avoiding some of the startling contrasts of that favorite of the European galleries. Art lovers of a few years since will remember with peculiar pleasure the sensations experienced, at the Academy of Design or elsewhere, in literally bathing in the golden lights spread by Mr. Hart over some of his subjects; and they will not fail to find renewed enjoyment in having that feature recalled to them, now that some of the followers of what might so well be called the "golden school," have taken away a part of the rarity, with or without approaching the absolute merit displayed in the use of the somewhat dangerous though always attractive element already characterized.

In the engraving with the above title, from the burin of Measom, after a reproduction by Mr. J. D. Woodward, from one of Mr. Hart's late and most pleasing efforts, it is obvious that it has been impossible to do more than convey a mere suggestion of the feature of excellence in this painter to which reference has been made at length—both the water-colorist and the engraver being bounded in powers, as the artist in oils is not except in rare instances. Even under these disadvantages, however, a very fine picture has been made in the double reproduction; and if something is lacking in color, certainly nothing is wanting in the suggestions throughout of that close study of nature and that corresponding skill in handling the minutest details, combining to make the great artist and to delight the world with his labors. Few better works of the kind have been laid before



THE LEXINGTON OF THE SEA.—J. O. DAVIDSON.

the public eye in a long period; let this suffice, as both marking and endeavoring to impart the impression conveyed by a true work of art from a hand which has reflected glory, golden as his own favorite medium, on his walk in the profession.

"THE LEXINGTON OF THE SEA."

It is a fact easily understood, that at the commencement of that struggle which grew to be the War of the Revolution, the Colonies, eventually to form a great nation, were even worse prepared for hostile operations by sea than upon the land. Since birth, the young nation had been, so to speak, first at nurse and then in leading-strings, with nothing necessary or allowed to be done on their part, capable of bringing out the undoubted bravery of their seamen or their

capacity to prove that they, as well as the English who held them in tutelage, were the true descendants of the Vikings of the North, whose keels had plowed and whose shouts had rung wherever they knew of a sea and could compass means to reach it. The colonists had a sea-coast of great extent, the armed guarding of which had been until that time in the hands of the mother-people now become their enemies; and as a matter of course it followed that they had themselves neither received that warlike marine training capable of making them readily the match of the first maritime nation on the globe—nor been able to accumulate any of those special necessities indispensable for the carrying on of marine warfare. Difficult enough was it, as we have seen in many instances, for them to procure the arms requisite for the formation of any land force of considerable power—even when the men were ready

and they found those capable of moulding the raw material into a working combination; and it will be readily perceived that a double difficulty lay in the way of a marine force being established—the first want being vessels capable of bearing effective arms, and the second those arms themselves, for which a very few foundries, and those only fitted for comparatively light work, had as yet been established on the western side of the Atlantic. Necessarily the first of these two difficulties was the greater and the worse felt, though both formed subjects of anxious and half-discouraged thought to those who literally bore the burthen of the struggle in their heads if not upon their shoulders. Vessels—what were they to do without vessels?—the fact being patent, meanwhile, that half a vessel could not be of any use whatever, even if half a regiment could be. A single rifle or king's-

piece, held in the hands of a single determined man, was capable of doing, for land service, a certain portion of the destructive or defensive duty that could be achieved by a regiment or a battalion; but a single stick of timber, growing in the woods and valuable as part of the material from which a great war vessel might be moulded, was as yet nothing for the smallest service, and could be nothing until time, labor and expense should be devoted to joining it with other pieces and completing the necessary combination. And so, in a less degree, of the iron that lay thickly imbedded in the American hills, needing to be dug out, smelted and moulded, with machinery to them almost unattainable, before assuming any such shape as could either benefit themselves or do injury to their enemies.

Obviously, in spite of the fact that the colonists owned a coast population only less extensive than the shores they occupied, the early prospect for any profitable resistance to Great Britain on the water was very discouraging indeed. Yet those know little of the mettle of the men of 1776 who doubt that among the first and most determined in the daring of resistance to the encroachments and the subsequent severities of the mother country, were those who heard the thunder of the Atlantic surf every day in their ears, and who every day inhaled the invigorating airs coming up from the Atlantic waves. After-events fully proved this truth; and no brighter stars burn in the galaxy of Revolutionary heroes than the names of those who early bore the flag in more than an average proportion of victories, however moderate their scope and sometimes insignificant their apparent effects. So often have been recalled to the mind, through all the past century, the names of the leaders in this early sea service, with John Paul Jones always leading the van in a sort of meteor-like glory rendered a trifle lurid by his own rash daring and the malice of his enemies, that in the present instance they may well be omitted from a record having nothing to do with the great personages or great events of the service, though illustrating what may have been of quite as much eventual consequence to the patriot cause—the *first naval conflict* and the *first naval victory*.

This conflict, the "Lexington of the Sea," comes by that title alike honorably and appropriately, the happy designation having been bestowed upon it, nearly half a century ago, by James Fenimore Cooper, to whom the naval service of the country was at first indebted for active personal devotion, but who afterward both honored and served it more effectively by using his able pen in its interests. Meanwhile, no condensation from the record of the event given by that powerful writer in his "Naval History," could so well convey the exact facts, illustrated by Mr. J. O. Davidson, as the words of the reliable historian and skilled naval officer; and we accordingly extract the account, with the single additional statement that the moment chosen by the artist is that when the schooner's helm being shot away, she broached-to and was boarded by Captain O'Brien and his determined crew of farmers and countrymen. It may well be supposed that the conflict, carried on with axes, pitchforks, and such other ready-to-hand weapons as could most easily be grasped at short notice for a desperate enterprise which would not wait for preparation, must have been close and desperate; and as such the artist has certainly represented it with full propriety. Following is the graphic and careful description by Cooper, of this first naval conflict of the American Revolution:

"The first nautical enterprise that succeeded the battle of Lexington was one purely of private adventure. The intelligence of this conflict was brought to Machias in Maine, on Saturday, the 9th of May, 1775. An armed schooner in the service of the crown, called the *Margaretta*, was lying in port, with two sloops under her convoy, that were loading with lumber on behalf of the king's government.

"The bearers of the news were enjoined to be silent, a plan to capture the *Margaretta* having been immediately projected among some of the more spirited of the inhabitants. The next day, being Sunday, it was hoped that the officers of the schooner might be seized while in church, but the scheme failed in consequence of the precipitation of some engaged. Captain Moore, who commanded the *Margaretta*, saw the assailants, and, with his officers, escaped through the windows of the church to the shore, where they were protected by the guns of the vessel. The

alarm was now taken, springs were got on the *Margaretta's* cables, and a few harmless shot were fired over the town by way of intimidation. After a little delay, however, the schooner dropped down below the town to a distance exceeding a league. Here she was followed, summoned to surrender, and fired on from a high bank, which her own shot could not reach. The *Margaretta* again weighed, and running into the bay at the confluence of the two rivers, anchored.

"The following morning, which was Monday, the 11th of May, four young men took possession of one of the lumber sloops, and bringing her alongside of a wharf, they gave three cheers as a signal for volunteers. On explaining that their intentions were to make an attack on the *Margaretta*, a party of about thirty-five athletic men was soon collected. Arming themselves with fire-arms, pitchforks and axes, and throwing a small stock of provisions into the sloop, these spirited freemen made sail on their craft with a light breeze at northwest. When the *Margaretta* observed the approach of the sloop, she weighed and crowded sail to avoid a conflict that was every way undesirable, her commander not yet being apprised of all the facts that had occurred near Boston. In jibing, the schooner carried away her main-boom; but continuing to stand on, she ran into Holmes's Bay, and took a spar out of a vessel that was lying there. While these repairs were making, the sloop hove in sight again, and the *Margaretta* stood out to sea, in the hope of avoiding her. The breeze freshened, and with the wind on the quarter, the sloop proved to be the better sailer. So anxious was the *Margaretta* to avoid a collision, that Captain Moore now cut away his boats; but finding this ineffectual, and that his assailants were fast closing with him, he opened a fire, the schooner having an armament of four light guns and fourteen swivels. A man was killed on board the sloop, which immediately returned the fire with a small piece. This discharge killed the man at the *Margaretta's* helm, and cleared her quarter-deck. The schooner broached to, when the sloop gave a general discharge. Almost at the same instant the two vessels came foul of each other. A short conflict now took place with musketry, Captain Moore throwing hand grenades, with considerable effect, in person. This officer was immediately afterward shot down, however, when the people of the sloop boarded and took possession of their prize.

"The loss of life in this affair was not very great, though twenty men, on both sides, are said to have been killed and wounded. The force of the *Margaretta*, even in men, was much the most considerable, though the crew of no regular cruiser can ever equal in spirit and energy a body of volunteers assembled on an occasion like this. There was originally no commander in the sloop; but, previously to engaging the schooner, Jeremiah O'Brien was selected for that station. This affair was the Lexington of the sea; for like that celebrated land conflict, it was a rising of the people against a regular force, was characterized by a long chase, a bloody struggle and a triumph. It was also the first blow struck on the water, after the war of the American Revolution had actually commenced.

"The armament of the *Margaretta* was transferred to a sloop, and Mr. O'Brien made an attack on two small English cruisers that were said to have been sent out from Halifax expressly to capture him. By separating these vessels he took them both with little resistance, and the prisoners were all carried to Watertown, where the Provincial Legislature of Massachusetts was then assembled. The gallantry and good conduct of Mr. O'Brien were so generally admired, that he was immediately appointed a captain in the marine of the colony, and sent on the coast with his two last prizes, with orders to intercept vessels bringing supplies to the royal forces."

THE GREEN-CORN FESTIVAL OF THE CREEKS—1835.

WHEN the green corn ripens, the Creeks seem to begin their year. Until after certain religious rites, it is considered an infamy to touch the corn. The season approaching, there is a meeting of the chiefs of all the towns forming any particular clan. First, an order is given out for the manufacture of certain articles of pottery for a part of their festival. A second meeting gives out a second order. New matting is to be prepared for the seats of the assembly. There is a third meeting. A vast number of sticks are broken into as many parts as there are days intervening previous to the one appointed for the gathering of the clan. Runners are sent with these, made into bundles for each clansman. One is flung aside each day, and every one is punctually on the last day at the appointed rendezvous. I must now mention the place where they assemble.

It is a large square, with four large, long houses, one forming each side of the square, and at each angle a broad entrance to the area. These houses are of clay and a sort of wicker-work, with sharp-topped, sloping roofs, like those of our log houses, but more thoroughly finished. A space is left open all around at the back and sides of each house, to afford a free circulation of air; this opening came

about up to my chin, and enables one to peep in on all sides. The part of the house fronting the square is entirely open. It consists of one broad raised platform, a little more than knee-high, and curved and inclined so as to make a most comfortable place for either sitting or reclining. Over this is wrought the cane matting, which extends from the back to the ground in front. At each angle of the square, there is a broad entrance. Back of one angle, is a high, cone-roofed building, circular and dark, with a sloping entrance through a low door. It was so dark that I could not make out the interior, but some one said it was a council-house. It occupied one corner of an outer square next to the one I have described; two sides of which outer square were formed by thick and tall corn-fields, and a third by a raised embankment, apparently for spectators, and a fourth by the back of one of the buildings before described. In the centre was a high circular mound. This, it seems, was formed from the earth accumulated yearly by removing the surface of the sacred square, to this centre of the outer one. At every green-corn festival the sacred square is strewn with soil yet untrodden: the soil of the year preceding being taken away, but preserved as I explain. No stranger's foot is allowed to press the new earth of the sacred square until its consecration is complete. A gentleman told me that he and a friend had chanced once to walk through, along the edge, just after the new soil was laid. A friendly chief saw him and remonstrated, and seemed greatly incensed. He explained that it was done in ignorance. The chief was pacified, but ordered every trace of the unhallowed step to be upturned, and a fresh covering in the place.

The sacred square being ready, every fire in the towns dependent on the chief of the clan, is at the same moment extinguished. Every house must at that moment have been newly swept and washed. Enmities are forgotten. If a person under a sentence for a crime can steal in unobserved and appear among the worshipers, his crime is no more remembered. The first ceremony is to light the new fire of the year. A square board is brought, with a small circular hollow in the centre. It receives the dust of a forest tree or of dry leaves. Five chiefs take turns to whirl the stick, until the friction produces a flame. From this sticks are lighted and conveyed to every house of the clan. The original flame is taken to the centre of the sacred square. Wood is heaped there and a strong fire lighted. Over this fire, the holy urns of new-made pottery are placed; drinking gourds, with long handles, are set around on a bench, officers are over the whole in attendance, and here, what they call the black drink is brewed with many forms and with intense solemnity.

I can not describe to you my feelings as I first found myself in the Indian country. We rode miles after miles in the native forest, neither habitation nor inhabitant to disturb the solitude and majesty of the wilderness. At length we met a native in his native land. He was galloping on horseback. His air was Oriental; he had a turban, a robe of fringed and gaudily figured calico, scarlet leggings, and beaded belts and garters and pouch. We asked how far it was to the square. He held up a finger, and we understood him to mean one mile. Next, we met two Indian women on horseback, loaded with water-melons. We bought some. In answer to our question of the road, they half covered a finger, to say it was half a mile further, and smiling, added "*sneezermuch*"—meaning that we should find lots of our brethren the sneezers to keep us company. We passed groups of Indian horses tied in the shade, with cords long enough to let them graze freely; we then saw the American flag (a gift from the government) floating over one of the hut-tops in the square. We next passed groups of Indian horses and carriages, and servants, and under the heels of one horse a drunken vagabond Indian, asleep, or half asleep; and at last we got to the corner of the square, where they were in the midst of their devotions. I stood upon a mound at the corner angle to look in. I was told that this mound was composed of ashes from such fires as were now blazing in the centre, during many



"SHALL I NOT TAKE MINE EASE IN MINE INN?" — *Falschaff*. — EDWARD GRÜTZNER.

preceding years; and that these ashes are never permitted to be scattered, but must thus be gathered up, and carefully and religiously preserved.

Before the solemnities begin, and I believe ere the new earth is placed, the women dance in the sacred square. The preliminary dance of theirs is by themselves; I missed this. They then separate from the men, and remain apart from them until after the fasting and other religious forms are gone through.

On my arrival, the sacred square, as I gazed from the corner mound, presented a most striking sight. Upon each of the notched posts of which I have already spoken as attached to the houses of the sacred square, was a stack of tall cones, hung all over with feathers, black and white. There were rude paint daubs about the posts and roof-beams of the houses fronting on the square, and here and there they were festooned with ground-vines. Chiefs were standing around the sides and corners alone and opposite each other, their eyes riveted on the earth, and motionless as statues. Every building within was filled with crowds of silent Indians, those on the back rows seated in the Turkish fashion, but those in front with their feet to the ground. All were turbaned, all fantastically painted; all in dresses varying in ornament, but alike in wildness. One chief wore a tall black hat, with a broad massy silver band around it, and a peacock's feather; another had a silver skull-cap, with a deep silver bullion fringe down to his eyebrows, and plates of silver from his knee, descending his tunic. Most of them had the eagle plume, which only those may wear who have slain a foe; a number wore military plumes in various positions about their turbans; and one had a tremendous tuft of black feathers declining from the back of his head over his back; while another's head was all shaven smooth, excepting a tuft across the centre from the back to the front, like a crest of a helmet.

The first sound I heard was a strange low deep wail—a sound of many voices drawn out in perfect unison, and only dying away with the breath itself, which, indeed, was longer sustained than could be done by any singer whom I ever yet heard. This was followed by a second wail in the same style, but shrill like the sound of musical glasses, and giving the same shiver to the nerves. And after a third wail, in another key, the statue-like figures moved and formed into two diagonal lines opposite to each other, their backs to opposite angles of the square. One by one they then approached the huge bowls in which the black drink was boiling, and in rotation dipped a gourd and took, with a most reverential expression, a long, deep draught each. The next part of the ceremony with each was somewhat curious; but the rapt expressions of the worshipers, and the utter absence of anything to give a disagreeable air to the act, took away the effect it may produce even in description. By some knack, without moving a muscle of the face, or joint, they moved about like strange spectres more than human beings. But soon the character of the entertainment changed, and I more particularly observed two circular plates of brass and steel, which appeared to be the remains of very antique shields. They were borne with great reverence by two chiefs. The nation do not pretend to explain whence they came; they keep them apart as something sacred; they are only produced on great occasions. I was told, too, that ears of green corn were brought in at a part of the ceremony to-day, which I did not see, and presented to a chief. He took them, handing them back with an invocation that corn might continue plenty through the year among them. This seemed to be the termination of the peace-offerings, and the religious part of the affair was now to wind up with emblems of war. These were expressed in what they call a *gun dance*. When dispositions were making for it, some persons in carriages were desired by a white *linkister* to draw back and to remove their horses to a distance. Some ladies especially were warned. "Keep out of their way, ma'm," said the *linkister* to a lady, "for when they come racing about here with their guns they gits powerful sarcey." I saw them dressing for the ceremony, if it may be called dressing to throw off

nearly every part of a scanty covering. But the Indians are especially devoted to dress, in their way. Some of them went aside to vary their costume with nearly every dance.

Now appeared a procession of some forty or fifty women. They entered the square and took their seats together in one of the open houses. Two men sat in front of them, with gourds filled with pebbles. The gourds were shaken so as to keep time; and the women began a long chant, with which, at regular intervals, was given a sharp, short whoop from male voices. The women's song was said to be intended for the wail of mothers, wives and daughters at the departure of the warriors for the fight; the response conveyed the resolution of the warriors not to be withheld, but to fight and conquer. And now appeared two hideous-looking old warriors, with tomahawks and scalping-knives, painted most ferociously. Each went half round the circle, exchanged exclamations, kept up a sort of growl all the while, and at length stopped with a war-whoop. We were now told to hurry to the outer square. The females and their male leaders, left their places inside, and went to the mound in the centre of the outer square.

This mound their forms entirely covered, and the effect was very imposing. Here they resumed their chaunt. The spectators mounted on the embankment. I got on a pile of wood—holy wood, I believe—and heaped there to keep up the sacred fires. There were numbers of Indian women in the crowd. Four stuffed figures were placed erect in the four corners of the square.

We now heard firing and whooping on all sides. At length, in the high corn on one side, we saw crouching savages, some with guns of every sort, some, especially the boys, with corn-stalks to represent guns. A naked chief with a long sabre, the blade painted blood-color, came before them flourishing his weapon and haranguing vehemently. In another corn-field appeared another party. The two savages already mentioned as having given the war dance in the sacred square, now hove in sight, on a third side, cowering. One of these, I understood, was the person who had shot the chief I mentioned in the first part of this letter—the chief who made an objectionable treaty and whose house was burned. Both these warriors crept slowly toward the outer square; one darted upon one of the puppets, caught him from behind and stole him off. Another grasped another puppet by the waist, flung him in the air, as he fell tumbled on him, ripped him with his knife, tore off the scalp and broke away in triumph. A third puppet was tomahawked and a fourth shot. These were the emblems of the various forms of warfare. After the first shot, the two parties whooped and began to fire indiscriminately, and every shot was answered by a whoop.

One shot his arrow into the square, but falling short of the enemy, he covered himself with corn and crept thither to regain it, and bore it back in safety, honored with a triumphant yell as he returned. After much of this brush skirmishing, both parties burst into the square. There was constant firing and war-whooping, the music of chanting and of the pebbled gourds going all the time. At length the fighters joined in procession, dancing a triumphal dance around the mound, plunging thence headlong into the sacred square and all around it, and then scampering around the outside, and pouring back to the battle square, and the closing whoop being given, all then, from the battle square, rushed, helter-skelter, yelping, some firing as they went, and others pelting the spectators from their high places with the corn-stalks which had served for guns, and which gave blows so powerful that those who laughed at their impotence before, rubbed their shoulders and walked away ashamed.

We resumed our conveyances homeward, and, as we departed, heard the splashing and shouting of the warriors in the water.

Leave was now given to taste the corn, and all ate their fill, and, I suppose, did not much refrain from drinking, for I heard that every pathway and field around was strewed in the morning with sleeping Indians. —John Howard Payne, in *Harrison's "Life."*

GONE HOME ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.*

'Tis a practice tender, in many lands,
The dull waste of the years adorning—
That the children all listen to love's commands,
And go home on Christmas morning—

From the labor that may be so far away,
From the roof-tree that may be nearer—
The wide-scattered flock, on that holy day,
Find the one home older and dearer—

To greet the old father, with gray-bowed head,
And the mother with eyesight failing;
To learn what of joy the past season has shed,
Or what may be wanting or ailing—

To see if the parents remember, as well
As the children they sired and tended,
The glad summons that rings in the Christmas bell
For waiting and absence ended.

Ah, beautiful custom! to which nevermore
May the Christian world be a stranger,
While He is remembered, our sins who bore
From his Christmas birth in the manger!

And yet I am sad—oh, so sorry and sad—
Because on this Christmas morning,
One so dear—ah, the dearest and best that I had—
Has gone home with so little warning—

To her Father's house, with the portals of pearl;
To his table, where none can hunger;
To the River of Life, whose soft eddy and swirl
Make the bather aye fairer and younger;

To the welcoming hand and the warm embrace;
To the gifts that ne'er perish with using;
To the well-pleased smiles on the Father's face,
We are oft so fearful of losing:

To all that is sweetest, and dearest, and best—
And richest, beyond our dreaming;
And that bliss which is born in the Isles of the Blest,
And has neither fading nor seeming.

And yet I am weeping: my selfish loss
For the moment is blighting and blinding,
So that even the promise of Crown and Cross
Seems beyond my poor weak finding!

Make me wise, oh Father!—to bear this pain,
For her sake so beatified yonder!
To embrace all thy mercies with heart and brain,
In a faith that is humbler and fonder!—

'Till I learn what a blessing came to us all—
Half-misalled in our doubting and scorning—
When my baby obeyed the All-Father's call,
And went home on Christmas morning.

—New York Sunday Times.

ART IN LONDON.

THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

THERE are no less than nine exhibitions of paintings now open to the London public, and the total number of pictures exceeds twenty-six hundred. It will be impossible, therefore, to do more than notice the more prominent ones. Most of the academicians are working for the spring exhibition, and are content to limit their winter show to a few small cabinet paintings and sketches.

Millais, the brilliant, is getting out three large works, which I have not yet had an opportunity of seeing. One is a rendering of Strath Tay, as seen from a point near Birnam; a combination of mountain, valley and river; gleams of light traversing the mist; a level of marshy hillside for foreground. He has been at work on this all the autumn, and has nearly finished it. Another is a life-size portrait, full length, of the Duchess of Westminster. The third portrays three children seated on the ground. Millais paints portraits with extraordinary vividness and solidity; but he does not divine character, nor inspire a soul. A good mirror produces as meritorious a counterfeit as does he. Surely a man possessed of such genius and executive power as his, might be in a better business, æsthetically speaking, than that of making

* SUTTON.—Died, in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Christmas morning, ANNIE JOSEPHINE, youngest child of James and Grace Sutton, aged 3 years and 16 days.



CASTLE OF FURSTENSTEIN, SILESIA.—U. BLASCHNIK.

duplicates of babies and handsome women. Financially, however, the practice is a success; for he can name his own price, and dares ask a thousand guineas for the work of a few days.

The British and Foreign Cabinet Exhibition comprises fewer landscapes of the vegetable-garden order than hitherto. Pettie's "Joy of the House" is among the most praiseworthy in the collection. His coloring is rich and harmonious, and he applies it with the firmness and precision that are born of clear ideas and thorough practice. If he would only intersperse his glowing yellows, reds and blacks, with a few quiet, pure, comfortable grays, I can not help thinking it would be an improvement. As it is, his fare is too rich, and exhausts the ocular digestive powers. A course of M. Bertrand, — a popular French artist — is a relief after such high-seasoned feasting. He is all for silvery moonlights, shunning sunshine like a bat. His "Ophelia" is well known; and it is now rivaled by a "Lesbia," statuesquely disconsolate for the dead sparrow which lies before her on the tripod table, the empty cage standing near. This sort of thing is generally pleasing, because the sentiment is like the color and the drawing: it satisfies the conscience without stimulating thought or emotion. Lesbia certainly displays a very amiable sensibility; and it is perhaps natural that her sad discovery should have been made on that elegant tripod, and that she happens to be wearing a silver-gray tunic, falling in graceful folds against a warm Pompeian background. A slight change in her attitude and surroundings would undoubtedly render her much less pathetic and interesting.

Edwin Long's "Thisbe" touches me more nearly. Thisbe is not thinking, "How statuesque I look!" — she is poisoning herself on the ledge of a tiled wall, in a charmingly graceful attitude, to be sure, but only transient, and meanwhile exciting a half apprehension that she may fall. But she is evidently willing to risk falling, if perchance she may catch the delicious words which Pyramus is murmuring through that crack.

The wall is such another marvel of Babylonish engraving as was portrayed in this artist's "Babylonian Marriage-Market" last spring; and the coloring is as clear, pure, yet warm throughout. Thisbe is so bewitchingly pretty that I like to believe her identical with the central figure in the former picture, whose face is tantalizingly turned away from us, but whose beauty is reflected in the admiring eyes of the array of bidders.

"The Flowery Land," by Louise Jopling, is excellent in flowers; but if all its inhabitants are of such card-board flatness as is the young preraphaelite lady who walks amidst them, then the population had better be exterminated without delay. This artist would seem to have studied her flowers so earnestly that mere human beings are but as shadows to her.

Frank Holl has heard say that the artist, as well as the poet and the novelist, should draw his inspiration from the life around him; and so he has painted a woman with a sick baby at the apothecary's shop; and that there may be no doubt about the pathos, he shows us the druggist and his assistant grinding away at some powder or other in the background. By a masterly touch, the sick baby's face is concealed: there are depths of woe into which it were indecorous to penetrate. Mr. Holl wields an exceedingly rough brush; but his perspective is good, and the darkest parts of his pictures have light and clearness in them. He is not without ability; but he is destitute of imagination, and wastes his power on disagreeable subjects.

I have space only to mention Gabriel Max's piece of charlatanism, illustrating the legend of St. Veronica's handkerchief. It is at once an outrage on art, and a marvel of execution and tricky ingenuity. The half-primed canvas seems to have been moulded over the solid features; a jugglery of light and shadow beneath the brows makes the eyes appear to open and shut, as we change our point of view. The countenance is that of a mild milksop, and wears an expression of silly good humor. What a Saviour of man-

kind is this! Herr Max has painted the "Christian Martyr," which is at least a legitimate piece of work; but if he continues in his present vein, he should transfer his lime-lights and alto-relievos to Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, where they will find themselves in a sympathetic element and may be viewed by an appropriate audience. — Mrs. Julian Hawthorne.

PICTURESQUE EUROPE.

THE CASTLE OF FURSTENSTEIN.

NOT by any means so picturesque as many others of the old European continental strongholds, in construction, and yet among the grandest of them all in the beauty of its situation, and vieing with any other of the accessible in size and strength — is the Castle of Furstenstein, in Silesia, of which the very name, signifying the "rock of the Count," conveys at once the original standing and the supposable early history. It was brought into new prominence, in September, 1875, in the presence there, for a couple of days, of the German Emperor, in the progress which he was then making through Silesia; and the German people, through that sojourn, have necessarily been awakened to a new pride in what is really worthy to be reckoned a regal residence, while it has a history only less regal if to some extent local. The time of erection of the present fortress is a little hidden away in the mists of remote time; but enough is known to be certain that this stronghold of the Counts Hochberg, of the Holy Roman Empire, Princes of Plesz, had existence as a castle in the very early ages. A powerful feudal noble, the Duke of Schweidnitz, made it his abode so long ago as A. D. 1209; and from the family name of that race, "Vorstinberg," the title of the stronghold may as well have been derived as from that already indicated. The religious wars of two centuries later, not only swept near it, but indeed swept it, as it was taken by the adherents of John Huss, who at one time contemplated making it their refuge from the hand of official power stretched out against them. In the



OLD COTTAGE IN THE TEUTOBERGER WALD, THURINGIA.—PAUL KOKEN.

"Thirty Years' War" it had more than its share of vicissitudes, being taken by the Swedes and Imperialists alternately, and eventually a considerable portion of it demolished. It was rebuilt again, however, the dividing line between the old and new parts being held well in memory, even if the eye could not always trace the difference. In fact, the holders gave the older portion the distinctive name of "Baracké," and it retained that appellation for a long period. In 1704, being then in possession of Count Hans Heinrich II., it had the honor of being made the depository of a valuable library, comprising not less than 40,000 volumes (very difficult of procurement, in that age, let it be remembered!), and of many valuable pictures, coins, and a collection of natural history. One of the charms of visit or residence at this fine old castle is found in the magnificent view afforded from the towers, in which is included the whole Hochwald, with the prospect extending away even to the tops of Reisingenberg range, in the Hartz Mountains of romance and diabolism, on the borders of Saxony.

TEUTOBERGER WALD COTTAGE.

Of very different character and appearance, is the peasant's-house in the Teutoberger Wald, from the facile pencil of the German artist, Paul Koken, and illustrating one of those scenes where, on the top of the Grotenburg (Great Hill), of which this picturesque cottage stands at the foot, the Kaiser, in August, 1875, inaugurated the statue of Hermann, the legendary hero of Germany, amid great excitement on the part of the German people of all sections and classes. The whole of the scenery in the Teutoberger Wald (literally "German Hill Wood") has the reputation of being exceptionally interesting; but there can not well be any portion of it more worthy of the pencil of the artist illustrating it, than this charming old peasants'-house, with its wealth of shade and the cool flush of the quiet stream which creeps slowly away to its parent river of Teuton song and story.

MODERN TOODLES IN A CELLAR.

LIKE the illustrious Toodles, I have a mania for buying things cheap; and I have fallen a victim to as many "Titians," painted in the back slums of London, diamonds compounded in a charlatan's laboratory, and kindred brilliant purchases, as any other infatuated curiosity-hunter.

My wife has spent a good part of her life in tearful expostulation; has fainted at sight of my precious hideous idols; has groaned over the repairing of clothes "bought at a bargain," and consequently good for nothing; and I have really tried to curb my expenditures and mania, but they get ahead of me in spite of all effort.

One day I started through one of the narrow streets running into the Strand. I was in a desperate hurry; and I had almost gained the desired outlet, when I noticed the worn stone steps of a cellar piled high with picture frames and prints, leaving only just enough room for one to step carefully down into the dimly lighted interior. The temptation was irresistible; and with one despairing thought of my wife's waiting face, I plunged down and within.

At first, in the dim light I could make out nothing but innumerable shapes of wood, square, round and oval, with faint glimpses of cardinals and all such ghostly company inhabiting them. In the square opening under the sidewalk that gave light to this strange gathering, I discovered the only mortals who could or would have attempted the herculean task of keeping such a shop under the earth. They were boys of perhaps a dozen years each, ragged and dirty enough, but entirely lacking the idle, purposeless lounge of the pauper. They were seated side by side on an old box, with a wandering sunbeam striking the red hair of the younger boy, and displaying to advantage the freckles and squint of the elder one. They were rolling their hands together with an eagerness and seeming unction that looked bloodthirsty.

My mind reverted to all the tales I had heard of terrible machinations proper to the neighborhood, as I looked at the array of bottles around them, the battered tin cans, and, worst of all, the rusty scales in which they ever and anon placed the mysterious object of their manipulations. I began to think that it was imperative for me to join my wife without further delay. Just as I had made up my mind to beat a hasty retreat, one of them detected my presence.

"Putty off, old fellow!" he yelled to his comrade; and producing a piece of sand-paper, commenced cleaning his hands, his face, his clothes, giving every minute a helping dab to the smaller boy, who was struggling desperately with the sticky stuff. They danced like dervishes in their impatience; and their ludicrous movements, together with the queer place, the comical laboratory, and my own desire to get away, put all my ideas to rout. I had never been credited with much brains of a practical kind, and my few deserted me incontinently. I was completely at their mercy as they commenced a duet of prices, qualities, and the advantages to be gained by buying of them. They beguiled my unlucky tongue into all sorts of traps, and I was helpless. While one displayed their wares, the other wrapped in paper the articles that I unfortunately praised, heeding my remonstrances as little as they did the smears of grease they left on the goods.

When they had sold me about half their stock of rickety frames and mouldy pictures, they presented the bill, in pencil and well putted. I settled it with a very bad grace, and loading myself wretchedly with my treasures, made my stumbling way toward the ill-fated steps and daylight. The oldest boy with one leap had gained the stairs, with another had reached me, and complacently remarking, "Here's a present for you," stuck a greasy mass into my outer coat-pocket, where my reproachful wife discovered it a fortnight later, and consigned it to oblivion with a sigh of sad impatience. —Jerome Smithers, Sr.

FIVE PHASES OF FALSTAFF.

EXTENDED comment, at this day, on the character of Sir John Falstaff, or the scenes of the wondrous plays through which the fat knight moves, evoking a certain amount of liking in the midst of the merriment which he always excites, and the disgust coming not seldom in his presence,—this could only be regarded as an impertinence, except as coming from the pen of some second Hazlitt, capable of discerning new beauties in a mine already explored by hundreds of others, and able to express his discoveries in words only less sparkling than those of the master-dramatist receiving attention. The fact is undoubted, that, from whatever cause, the character of Falstaff is the best known throughout the world, and oftenest alluded to in dramatic or social conversation, of any one of the embodiments of Shakspeare—followed most closely, perhaps, in this regard, by philosophic Hamlet, and at yet a greater distance by the ultra-tragic Macbeth and Othello; and equally sure is it that the production of either of the plays in which he holds a prominent part, with an able impersonation of the character understood, is more likely to attract audiences continuously for the length of a "run," than that of any other of Shakspeare's plays, without exception. And, the impertinence above alluded to, fully admitted, and the truth that there is really nothing new to be said, also thrown into the scale, it remains that essayists as well as dramatic critics, will continue to write of this great embodiment (no pun intended) possessing a charm so truly perennial.

Most general readers, as well as those especially who have made the drama and dramatic literature a study, are aware that the character of Falstaff had its first exhibition in the historical play of "Henry IV," with some of the critics asserting, in spite of the disclaimers of the author, that the original idea of the cowardly and loose-living fat knight, was drawn from Sir John Fastolfe, a brave and by no means corpulent warrior, of the purest life, who fought in the company of the gallant Duke of Bedford, in the wars in France. We have, in this play, other dramatic boons only less valuable than the creation of the character of Falstaff, in the mental births of Prince Hal, a prince who seems really to have displayed some lightness in his youth, though later to become the hero king, Henry V.,—of the red-nosed Bardolph, type of the tavern lounge and swash-buckler of the day,—of Pistol, type-braggart and unmistakable coward, whose big words leave scarcely room remaining in the world for his little soul,—of Nym, another and milder Pistol,—of Poins, the companion of the Prince in many of his mad pranks,—of Dame Quickly, type of the low-class landlady of the period,—and of so many others, interesting though minor, that space fails to group them as they deserve. It is also and equally well understood, from traditions of the time and rumored declarations of the dramatist himself, that "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in which Falstaff makes his second appearance, for a wonder no whit below his first self,—was an afterthought, more

truly that, of Queen Elizabeth than her mighty playwright, the virgin queen having expressed a strong desire to see the fat knight in love, and thus moved Shakspeare to one of the few appendary works in all time that have been worthy of the originals. In this, with the low companions retained, another group of

where he might be thought to have had his proper home. For the late James H. Hackett, an actor of excellence in every regard, made a very large percentage of his whole fame as Falstaff—a card of profit and reputation whenever and wherever he chose to offer it; while the late William E. Burton, equally excellent, and much more versatile than Mr. Hackett, made the rôle one of marked interest whenever disposed to pass through a season of the mad rollick necessarily involved. Since the departure of the two, it may be said that, with a few of minor excellence, we have two Falstaffs on the American stage, well contesting the palm with those who have preceded—Ben De Bar, a Western actor-manager, holding a great popularity in that region, as a riotous and most forcible representative of the character; and Charles Fisher, an actor dear to New Yorkers ever since the old Burton days, having filled the rôle (in "the Merry Wives") for many weeks at the Twenty-fourth Street Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, in a splendid revival of the play by Manager Daly, during the winter of 1872-3, just previous to the destruction of that small but popular temple

of the drama, alternately classical and sensational.

We present, in connection, no less than five pictures, with Falstaff a central figure in each, and the series embodying features from both the plays already named. The first, "Falstaff and Prince Hal," is from "Henry IV.," (part i. act ii. scene 4), and illustrates this brief but important passage in the sentiment of the play, with Dame Quickly, Gadshill and Peto also present:

Prince Henry.—Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Falstaff.—Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Prince Henry.—Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

In the second picture, "Falstaff in the Buck-Basket," we have the "basket scene" from the "Merry Wives of Windsor" (act iii. scene 3), perhaps oftener laughed over than any other one creation of human intellect. The actors in this scene are the two mischievous wives, Mistress Page and Mistress Ford, and the fat knight in a condition of mingled fear and perspiration, only faintly shadowed in the ejaculations following:

Falstaff.—Let me see't! [the basket] Let me see't! O, let me see't! I'll in—I'll in: follow your friend's counsel—I'll in.

Mistress Page.—What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Falstaff.—I love thee, and none but thee: help me away! Let me creep in here.

In the third picture, "Falstaff and his Model Recruits," we return again to "Henry IV." (part 2. act iii. scene 2), the characters present, beside the principal, being Shallow, Silence, and Bardolph, servants, and the recruits for what the commander was afterward pleased to call his "ragged regiment," and to say that "he wouldn't march through Coventry [the place of ruined reputations] with 'em!"—Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble and Bullcalf:

Falstaff.—Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shallow.—Where's the roll? Where's the roll? Where's



FALSTAFF AND PRINCE HAL.



FALSTAFF IN THE BUCK-BASKET.

Did space permit, a most interesting review might here be given of the actors who, on both sides of the Atlantic, from first to last, have devoted some of their best talents to illustrating the freaks and fancies of Falstaff, in one and the other of the two plays, so much nearer twins than any besides on the dramatic record. Necessarily, waiving such an intention, it must be said that, in America, of late years, there would seem to have been more of an abiding love for the character of the colossal braggart and toper, and for the two plays in which he figures, than in England,

the roll? Let me see—let me see. So, so, so, so. Yea, marry sir: Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call: let them do so, let them do so.

The fourth picture: "Falstaff at Herne's Oak," displays the stout reprobate in that amorous scene in Windsor Forest, in which Anne Page and her companions are playing the part of fairies and frightening the victim into a sort of comic syncope, as shown in the "Merry Wives" (act v. scene 5). Present, only the pretended Fairy Queen and her fairies, and the disappointed wearer of the horns:

Falstaff.—They are fairies!—he that speaks to them shall die.
I'll wink, and couch: no man their works must eye.

For the concluding picture of this series, we have the splendid full-page illustration, "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" present with Falstaff, Doll Tear-sheet, Dame Quickly, the Page, and the musicians in the background; while the interior of the antique inn-room is a wondrous study of care and fidelity, from the hand of a German artist, Edward Grützner, of the Munich school, who completed and exhibited it in the year 1873. The passage of the play (again "Henry IV." part 2, act ii. scene 4) is very brief but full of character (not necessarily the most reputable, perhaps):

Page.—The music is come, sir.
Falstaff.—Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll!

UNFURLING THE FLAG.

EARLY in December, 1775, fourteen thousand farmers manned the heights round Boston. Their rude earth-works, in daily lengthening flanks, were circling round the enemy in the town—the "ministerial army," as, with lingering loyalty to the king, they still spoke of the veterans under Howe.

Farmers and artisans from the Eastern colonies, clad in calico frocks, led by the rough-hewn soldiers of former wars, together with a few riflemen from Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, all scant of powder, their chief piece of artillery the great mortar captured from the royal transport *Nancy*, which Putnam had mounted astride and christened "The Congress"—these were the besiegers. Stern and resolute, thus far they had stood embattled only for resistance, not organized for triumph. Ranged under banners various in design and legend, they were but the troops of colonies, not the army of a nation. Massachusetts waved her pine-tree flag, inscribed "An Appeal to Heaven;" Connecticut her old colonial arms, with "*Qui transtulit, sustinet*." Other standards bore a mailed hand with thirteen arrows; and others a coiled rattlesnake, giving the warning, "Don't tread on me." So under such varying devices and lax exercise of discipline, for months this brave but unskilled host had held their lines, bound only by one central presence—Washington.

For many of them the end of the year was to close their term of service. Whole regiments were to leave. New and untried recruits were to take their places, and thinner lines were to guard the heights already

won. But, side by side with the new recruits, events marched in and filled the gaps. Those who had stood only to resist, fell back homeward and furled their old colony flags forever. Marching up the hills with the New Year, and mounting guard over every fresh escarpment, came—not Massachusetts, nor Rhode

red and white, symbolized the Union of the Colonies. In the canton, or dexter quarter, the triple-crossed union of England was yet retained. It was not yet time for the stars. Independence waited for the summer, and the flag for readiness to adopt the hint from the personal arms of the great leader.

This design of the Continental colors arose from a conference between Washington, with his military council, and a committee of the Congress—Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania, Thomas Lynch, of Carolina, and Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, who visited the camp in the preceding October. Their adoption of the emblematic stripes may be fairly referred to certain incidents of the summer before. Washington received his commission on the 20th of June, 1775; and the next day he started from Philadelphia to take command at Boston, escorted by the Philadelphia Troop of Light Horse. General Schuyler rode by his side. The troop flag bore in its canton the thirteen stripes of red and white. It was the first ensign under which Washington rode as commander-in-chief. Added to this was the hint given by the Dutch

flag of three stripes, which gave being to New Amsterdam. It is not strange that Schuyler should picture the flag of his Netherland ancestors to the commander as they rode; and it was altogether consistent with the times that the same flag should be displayed by the descendants of the Dutch burghers, as they escorted Washington through New York.

While the Continental army was thus organized on the heights of Boston, the Continental navy had its birth at Philadelphia. The Congress had resolved to put a small fleet in commission, and the chief command was given to Commodore Ezek Hopkins, of Rhode Island. The *Alfred* was to be the flag-ship, to be commanded by Captain Dudley Saltonstall, with Paul Jones, the senior lieutenant of the navy, as the first lieutenant. At the same time—history points to the same day—that the Continental stripes were first unfurled at Boston, they were hoisted on the flag-ship at Philadelphia. But the naval flag bore only the stripes, without a canton. Record is silent as to any further device; but as history must often ask the aid of art, old paintings supply the want of records. And in these the symbol of the rattlesnake is found undulating over the naval stripes. Paul Jones records that by his hand the naval ensign was first displayed, when he hoisted, as he writes, "the flag of America" over the deck of the *Alfred*, under the salute of thirteen guns and thirteen heartfelt and ringing cheers.

While the thirteen stripes thus became part of the recognized

standard of the colonies, it must be noted that there was no resolve of Congress confirming them as such; nor any legislation by that body relating thereto, until 1777. As the conflict grew, military convenience as well as patriotic feeling desired a change in the canton, to make it distinct from that of the foe. So, without definite law, the stars gradually began to appear as events begat ideas.

Scarcely had the Continental flag been unfurled, when the hostile speech of the king arrived in America, and became circulated in the camp at Boston.



FALSTAFF AND HIS MODEL RECRUITS.

Island, nor Connecticut—but the advance of "The United Colonies"—"the Continent"—the reinforcement of new and still expanding ideas.

There was no lack of leaders. Putnam was in his batteries, ablaze with his great mortar, crying only for powder, "Ye gods, give us powder!" Greene was dashing along the lines on his white horse; and Washington was there, calm and cautious, yet yearning to attack. But armies can not dress their lines on men. No highest valor can be massed around a plume. Great hearts must be fired by idea—some broad, immortal ray, floating round and pictured on a flag. "Independence" was on the wing, but still far off.



FALSTAFF AT HERNE'S OAK.

"Union" was circling in the lower air. Seizing then on that, for all could grasp it, and stamping it first and alone, in vivid colors, above the camps and before the world, so the Continental Flag was born, and so, at last, the Continental army was marshaled in its ranks. Beside the ancient Cambridge elm, on every redoubt of the lines, at the head of every brigade, on the second day of January, 1776, the flag of the United Colonies was first unfurled, saluted by the roar of the great mortar, by the guns of the batteries, and the cheers of the new army. Thirteen stripes, alternate

The country was indignant. The King's Speech was publicly burned by the infuriated soldiery, who began to look with little love upon the royal union-jack which formed part of the colors above them. The occasion is referred to in the following letter of Washington, to Joseph Reed, dated January 4th:

"We are at length favored with the sight of his Majesty's most gracious speech, breathing sentiments of tenderness and compassion for his deluded American subjects; and, farcical enough, we gave great joy to them without knowing or intending it; for on that day (the 2d) which gave being to our new army, but before the proclamation came to hand, we hoisted the Union Flag in compliment to the United Colonies. But, behold, it was received at Boston as a token of the deep impression the speech had made upon us, and as a signal of submission.

"By this time, I presume, they begin to think it strange that we have not made a formal surrender of our lines."

The colors now began their forward march to battle. In February the camps turned out to witness a novel sight. Oxen, toiling up the heights with sledges, drew fifty pieces of cannon to the batteries. It was the train of General Knox, with the artillery captured in the North. Then came full supplies of ammunition from other quarters, and a reinforcement of ten regiments of militia. On the night of March 4th, Dorchester Heights were seized and new redoubts thrown up, commanding Boston. Shot and shell were poured upon the enemy. Putnam's great mortar rejoiced in its bed, ringing with the joy of battle, tossing its meteor bombs like two-edged swords, into the hostile ranks and down on the hostile decks. The town and the rivers were alike swept by the American fire, and Howe prepared his fleet for embarkation. Then the great mortar knew that its work was done. Burdened with one last and mighty charge, the giant trembled as it heaved its parting shell, and burst in pieces. On the 17th of March the Continental flag waved over Boston.

By a cheering coincidence, the two flags, army and navy, which, far apart, had graced the advent of '76, moved on to victory with equal pace by land and sea. In February the Continental fleet had sailed down Delaware Bay, and their ensign waved its signal to the ocean. Cruising southward along the coast, the commodore at length made for the Bahamas, and for the ammunition, artillery and stores gathered at the capital town of Nassau, on New Providence Island. His squadron, flying an ensign yet unknown to the seas, attempted to surprise the forts. Three hundred marines, under Captain Nichols, were embarked on sloops and moved toward the defenses. But an alarm was given and the British drums beat to arms. The sloops sailed in; the marines landed, and after a short conflict the naval stripes waved over the Bahamas. The guns that saluted them were but answering the roar of the great mortar, which at the same instant was driving the British from Boston. From North to South the Gulf Stream was vibrating with the flash of triumph.

One hundred cannon, valuable stores, the Governor and other citizens of note, were the fruits of this first dash of the Continental navy. On the 17th of March the fleet sailed northward, to gain other victories off our Eastern coast.

As these conflicts and these conquests stirred the land, the colonies grew closer in their bond, and bolder from their union. They stood. They looked aloft. They could leap. And so the meteor of England on their flag slowly passed from sight, and the people themselves "set the stars of glory there."

After Boston, the Continental army moved to New York; and then, in June, Washington made a two weeks' visit to Philadelphia, where the Congress was then in session. One of his objects was to secure that change in the colors which was already a partial fact. With a committee of Congress he sat in the back parlor of Mrs. Ross, the navy upholsterer, and there, with his own hand, from a rough draft brought by the committee, he penciled the new design. At the lady's suggestion, the stars were drawn with the five points usual in France and Germany, instead of the six points of English heraldry.

A few days afterward, the Declaration was signed and proclaimed, the king's arms at the State House

were taken down and burned, and then the stars and stripes first floated, with the peal of Independence Bell, over the nation "born in a day."

These stripes of the first Continental colors, and these stars set in the blue, had all become the nation's flag without a line of law. It was not until the 14th of June, 1777, that the Congress formally resolved that the national flag should be "thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

The stripes came first. The stars came with independence: as of old, so then, in their due time after the Creator had said "Let there be light!"

—Barnitz Bacon.

HABITS OF AUTHORS.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD AND DR. CHANNING.

MISS MITFORD was one of the most painstaking of writers, although there never could have been one in whose case carelessness would have been more excusable; and, knowing her circumstances, her readers would have been indulgent. She was forced to keep constantly busy with her pen—making a duty and a necessity of what had at first been entered upon as a mere pleasure. Faithful, devoted, patient daughter though she was, only too thankful to be able to keep herself and her parents from the workhouse, as she used to say after their losses of money, she yet felt writing for a living to be drudgery, and that is what she called it. She worked at every disadvantage, amidst perplexities, burdened by cares, often ill in health, and constantly hindered by her father in his later years, for he had not the sagacity to see that his exactions were draining her life of its strength and her heart of courage, while he was persistently making claims upon her time and squandering her money.

Besides all this, she did not take easily to writing prose, notwithstanding it was on that she was at last compelled to depend. Who would suspect her of laboring over the sentences in "Our Village," or the delightful letters of her maturer years? It came hard to her, she said, because in past she had been so heedless a letter-writer, having accustomed herself "to a certain careless sauciness, a fluent incorrectness," so that when she began to try prose for the public, her words are: "I ponder over every phrase, disjoint every sentence, and finally produce such lumps of awkwardness, that I really expect instead of paying me for them, Mr. Colburn or Mr. Baldwin will send me back the trash." At another time she says: "I write with extreme slowness, labor and difficulty. * * I am the slowest writer, I suppose, in England, and touch and retouch perpetually;" and did it reluctantly, too, declaring that she would rather scrub floors if she could get as much for it. "I try to write, and cry over my lamentable inability, but I do not get on. Women were not meant to earn the bread of a family—I am sure of that—there is a want of strength." She spoke of being "slow and barren," and of the "miserable drudgery" of passing one's days "in writing gay prose whilst in such bad spirits."

The "gay prose" was in part that collection of sketches written so cheerfully that one would suppose the life of their author to have been peculiarly free from care, and with such ease that it would seem as if they must have been spontaneous and unstudied; yet on them she bestowed much labor. "I never write anything without going over it three times;" and this she did to the last. "For my own part," she says, "I am convinced that without pains there will be no really good writing—I find the most successful writers the most careful." After many years of experience she makes some suggestions to her young friend, Miss Barrett, afterward Mrs. Browning, as to clearness of style, and quotes advice which Charles Kemble once gave to herself when writing a drama to be acted: "Think of the stupidest person of your acquaintance, and when you have made your play so clear that you are sure that he would comprehend it, then you may venture to hope that it will be understood by your audience."

In her earlier days her preference as to time was the

evening, as it afterward became a necessity in consequence of the exactions of her father, who claimed her to read to him or do something for him, utterly regardless that her writing till midnight or after brought on weariness and ill-health. Speaking of one of her first productions, "Christina," she said: "It is true that in a fortnight I wrote a thousand lines (such as they are), which, considering that we keep early hours, and that either from habit or caprice, I can never write till candle-light, is really very tolerable work." At another time she says she was "busy all night in forming plans" for a new poem, "which will now all evaporate, for I can only write in an evening; and as Mrs. R. will probably stay two or three days, every verse will be lost before she takes her departure."

Her penmanship must have been wretched; she calls it her "unfortunate handwriting"—it being so very bad that the publication of "Christina" had to be delayed till somebody could be found qualified to copy it for the printer; and while waiting the acceptance of one of her plays, she writes, "The only thing upon which he [Mr. Macready] was decided, was that the handwriting was illegible, and that it must be copied for presentment to the manager." After her death, when her letters were to be prepared for publication, her executor says he found great trouble in the same way, her writing was "often so small as to be scarcely legible to the unassisted eye;" "and besides being often undated," many of them were written "on unfolded envelopes, fly-leaves of books, or any odd scraps of paper that came readiest to hand, of which several were sent off under one cover"—a promiscuousness as to paper only equaled by the recorded custom of President Edwards, who wrote his greatest work on any kind of fragments, even using the material on which his daughters painted fans, and the backs of the fans themselves. Miss Mitford's letters to her father and mother, her "dearest darlings," were delightfully off-hand and fresh, and in a disconnected, gossipy, hap-hazard style altogether in keeping with her scraps of paper, and wholly unlike the pedantic formalism of much of the letter-writing of her day and of some writers who preceded her.

Another person, the late Dr. Channing, whose train of thought and subjects and treatment were in a widely different line from that of Miss Mitford, seems to have had as great a regard as she had for accurate and carefully studied composition. He started in his student life with the determination to understand, himself, what he read; to be certain about his opinions, and to be clear in the expression of them. His first attempts at writing were "most awkward," he said, but he accustomed himself to "compose mentally while walking to and from the college," and "studied elocution and rhetoric as an art" with the help of the best authorities, and met his friends at private and informal gatherings where they read what each had written, and made comments which they meant should be fair and truthful. He faithfully, conscientiously and most laboriously gave himself to this as he did to everything else he undertook: there was no slackness, no superficiality, no half-way work; it was meant to help him in its own legitimate way and discipline his character. He afterward formed the enjoyable habit of reading with a pen in his hand; and writing became, through this practice, the one great means of making clear to himself his own thoughts. He classified them, analyzed, put them in new lights, and so acquired the mastery over his own mind. When from ill health and weariness he found himself confused, he did what so many authors have suggested and been wise enough to act upon—"snapped the chain of thought at once and left his books for a season."

Channing did an immense amount of writing, but used only a comparatively small part of it—cutting out paragraph after paragraph, and even whole pages, where they were not actually needful to express what he wished to say.

—Amanda B. Harris.

HUMAN LIFE.—Human life is like a game at dice: where we ought not to throw for what is most commodious to us, but to be content with our casts, let them be never so unfortunate. —Plato.



WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE.—JOHN S. DAVIS.